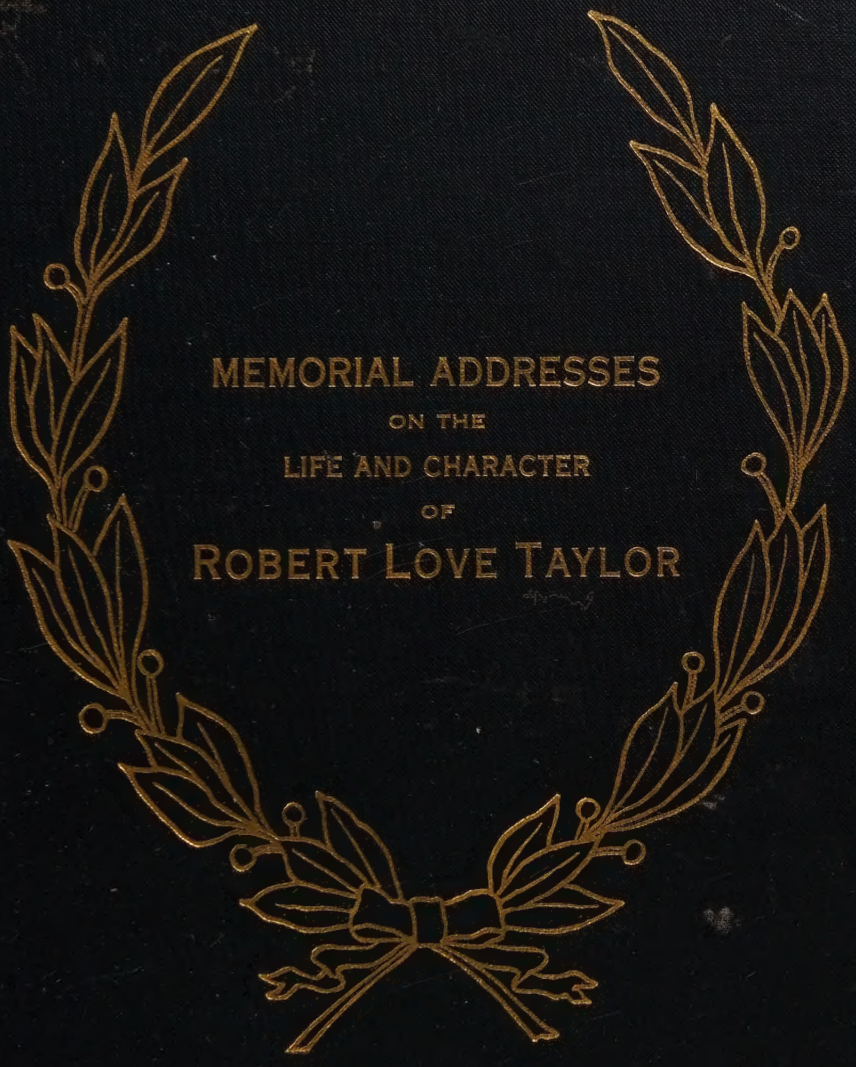

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

ON THE

LIFE AND CHARACTER

OF

ROBERT LOVE TAYLOR

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HON. ROBERT L. TAYLOR

ROBERT LOVE TAYLOR

(Late a Senator from Tennessee)

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

DELIVERED IN THE SENATE
AND THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES
OF THE UNITED STATES

SIXTY-SECOND CONGRESS
THIRD SESSION

Proceedings in the Senate
February 8, 1913

Proceedings in the House
February 23, 1913

PREPARED UNDER THE DIRECTION OF
THE JOINT COMMITTEE ON PRINTING

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1913

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DEATH OF HON. ROBERT LOVE TAYLOR

PROCEEDINGS IN THE SENATE

MONDAY, *April 1, 1912.*

The Senate met at 2 o'clock p. m.

The Chaplain, Rev. Ulysses G. B. Pierce, D. D., offered the following prayer:

Almighty God, our heavenly Father, who hast been our refuge in all generations, we come before Thee with bowed heads and saddened hearts over the great loss we have suffered. We know indeed that the way of man is not in himself alone, and that it is not in us who walk to direct our steps. Therefore we submit our lives unto Thee, whose we are. Though Thou slay us, yet we will put our trust in Thee. Deepen in us, we pray Thee, the confidence that amid all earth's changes Thou changest not, and fulfill unto us the promise that Thine unfailing love shall be sufficient for our deepest sorrow.

And unto Thee, our Father, who hast loved us with an everlasting love and hast given us comfort and good hope through the gospel, be glory and praise now and for evermore. Amen.

The Secretary proceeded to read the Journal of the proceedings of the last legislative day, Thursday, March 28, when, on request of Mr. Cullom and by unanimous consent, the further reading was dispensed with and the Journal was approved.

Mr. LEA. Mr. President, it becomes my sad duty to announce to the Senate the death of my colleague, Hon. ROBERT LOVE TAYLOR, a distinguished Member of this body and three times governor of the State he represented in the Senate. He died yesterday at Providence Hospital in this city.

d-mar 31-1912
b-July 31-1850

I fully appreciate the profound sorrow which his death has occasioned in the hearts of the Members of this body, for in my short experience here I have learned of the affectionate regard in which he was held by Senators on both sides of the Chamber.

It is not now the proper time for any extended remarks upon Senator TAYLOR's distinguished public service and his eminent character, but at the proper time I shall ask the Senate to suspend temporarily its business that fitting tribute may be paid to his high character and distinguished public service.

At the present time I offer the following resolutions, and ask for their adoption.

The VICE PRESIDENT. The resolutions will be read.

The resolutions were read, considered by unanimous consent, and unanimously agreed to, as follows:

Resolved, That the Senate has heard with profound sorrow of the death of the Hon. ROBERT LOVE TAYLOR, late a Senator from the State of Tennessee.

Resolved, That a committee of 12 Senators be appointed by the Vice President to take order for superintending the funeral of Mr. TAYLOR.

Resolved, That as a further mark of respect his remains be removed from Washington to Nashville, Tenn., for burial in charge of the Sergeant at Arms, attended by the committee, who shall have full power to carry these resolutions into effect.

Resolved, That the Secretary communicate these resolutions to the House of Representatives and transmit a copy thereof to the family of the deceased Senator.

The VICE PRESIDENT appointed as the committee under the second resolution Mr. Lea, Mr. Bacon, Mr. Culberson, Mr. Sutherland, Mr. Bourne, Mr. Bradley, Mr. Overman, Mr. Johnston of Alabama, Mr. Fletcher, Mr. Page, Mr. Watson, and Mr. Kern.

Mr. LEA. Mr. President, as a further mark of respect to the memory of the deceased Senator I move that the Senate do now adjourn.

The motion was unanimously agreed to, and (at 2 o'clock and 5 minutes p. m.) the Senate adjourned until to-morrow, Tuesday, April 2, 1912, at 2 o'clock p. m.

MONDAY, *December 16, 1912.*

Mr. LEA. Mr. President, I desire to give notice that on Friday, February 7, 1913,[1] I will ask that the business of the Senate may be suspended in order that fitting tribute may be paid to the memory of my late colleague, ROBERT LOVE TAYLOR.

SATURDAY, *February 8, 1913.*

The Chaplain, Rev. Ulysses G. B. Pierce, D. D., offered the following prayer:

Eternal God, our heavenly Father, as we stand before Thee on this day of precious memory we thank Thee that life is not so short that we can not for a time lay aside our customary labors and yield ourselves to the tender and holy influences of this hour. As here we stand in Thy presence, we would take the shoes from off our feet, knowing that where Thy servants have faithfully and truly sought to do Thy will there indeed is holy ground. Here manifest Thyself unto our waiting spirits, we pray Thee, and fulfill unto us Thy promise that where Thy children are gathered together in Thy name there Thou wilt be in their midst.

O Thou who art God, not of the dead but of the living, seeing that all souls live unto Thee, we thank Thee, not as we would but as we are able, for the blessed privilege of having known and labored with him whom we this day commemorate. Inspire our hearts, quicken our memories, and direct our thoughts, that the life which we would now honor may stand before us with all its power and in all its beauty. That life was Thine, our Father,

[1] Date subsequently changed to Saturday, Feb. 8, 1913.

and Thine it is. We yield Thee all praise, O Holy One, for the priceless heritage of the memory of him whose life is now hid with Christ in Thee.

We pray Thee to be near to those to whom this life was most dear and to comfort those whose tender sorrow is too great for words and too deep for tears. Uphold them with Thy heavenly power and let Thy grace be sufficient for them until we, too, stand in Thy nearer presence, where we shall know even as we have been known.

And unto Thee, our God, who hast loved us with an everlasting love and hast called us into Thine eternal kingdom in Christ, unto Thee who hast given us eternal comfort and good hope through the Gospel, be all glory and praise on earth and in heaven, now and for evermore. Amen.

Mr. LEA. Mr. President, out of respect to the memory of my late colleague, Hon. ROBERT LOVE TAYLOR, I offer the resolutions which I send to the desk, and ask unanimous consent for their immediate consideration.

The PRESIDENT pro tempore (Mr. Bacon). The resolutions submitted by the Senator from Tennessee will be read.

The resolutions (S. Res. 457) were read, considered by unanimous consent, and unanimously agreed to, as follows:

Resolved, That the Senate has heard with profound sorrow of the death of the Hon. ROBERT LOVE TAYLOR, late a Senator from the State of Tennessee.

Resolved, That as a mark of respect to the memory of the deceased the business of the Senate be now suspended to enable his associates to pay proper tribute to his high character and distinguished services.

Resolved, That the Secretary communicate these resolutions to the House of Representatives and transmit a copy thereof to the family of the deceased.

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

Address of Mr. Lea, of Tennessee

Mr. President: Robert Love Taylor was born on July 31, 1850, at Happy Valley, in Carter County, Tenn. He was a son of Nathaniel G. Taylor, a Member of Congress from Tennessee and Commissioner of Indian Affairs. His mother, Emily Haynes, was a sister of Landon C. Haynes, a Senator in the Confederate Congress. He claimed public life and statecraft as a common inheritance, and in the enjoyment of this legacy represented the people of Tennessee in the House of Representatives, three times as governor of the State, and for nearly one term as Senator of the United States.

Tennessee has had many representatives and executives who have served her people as faithfully and as intelligently as did Bob Taylor, but none who were more free even from a suspicion of wrongdoing or the breath of scandal, or whose heart beat in keener sympathy with the humble and lowly of humanity.

It is not the purpose of these remarks to comment upon Senator Taylor's life and career as a public official. His splendid record as three times governor of Tennessee is already a part of the history of that proud Commonwealth. His distinguished services in the House of Representatives and in this body are embodied in the permanent record of achievement of our country.

In passing, let it be remembered that no critic, however harsh or unfriendly, can point to any act of Bob Taylor's, as a Member of either House of Congress or as governor,

that was ever dictated save by what he believed to be the best interests of the people he represented and loved.

His life was well worth the living; his death a loss. His mission on earth was to inspire smiles that would dry the tears on the faces of the disappointed, to quicken laughter that would stifle the sobs of the distressed, to brighten the way of those who were groping in darkness, to light the beacons of hope to those despairing.

Office and public service were but the vehicles in which he traveled along life's highways, spreading sunshine and dispelling gloom as he performed deeds that were unequaled in bestowing happiness upon all who were fortunate enough to come in contact with his great, loving, and much-loved heart.

He was coming into possession of this rare and wondrous power at a time when the South, his native land, was harrowed by sorrow, when mourning marked her homes, when scars served as medals for her heroes, when hunger and want taught her children the lesson of self-denial, when patience and suffering were the only jewels that adorned her womanhood. In his blood mingled the humanitarianism of the triumphant Unionists and the loyalty of the proud but defeated Secessionists, blending in him a perfect sympathy and understanding of mankind, and forming a character whose ambition was to heal where others wounded, to soothe where others pained, to substitute love for hatred, to place happiness upon the brow of despair, and to give a greater measure of contentment to all.

The general wins eternal fame by defending his own country or invading an enemy's, but the price of his renown is bloodshed and death, suffering and pain, ruin and want to as many thousands as, benefited by his success, applaud his achievements.

The conquest of the statesman in the public forum is marred by the disappointed ambition of the antagonist, the extent of whose discomfiture measures the greatness of his successful rival's triumph.

These victories are but meager and fleeting, often the result of accident and chance; while the triumphs of ameliorating the woes of humanity and of adding to the sum total of happiness is immortal and vouchsafed to only a few as it was given to BOB TAYLOR.

ROBERT LOVE TAYLOR, publicist, lecturer, and statesman, was born, lived, and died in Happy Valley, for he ever lived in valleys whose harvests were happiness for all who, passing out of the shadows of selfishness into the warm rays of his great, generous heart, reaped where he had sown.

He was a soldier whose musket was loaded only with raillery, the keenness of whose sword was only laughter, whose bayonet stabbed naught but gloom; a soldier whose only charges were against despair, who slew only unhappiness, and whose greatest victory was the siege and capture of the heart of humanity.

> When he shall die,
> Take him and cut him out in little stars,
> And he will make the face of heaven so fine
> That all the world will be in love with night
> And pay no worship to the garish sun.

Mr. President, I ask unanimous consent to be allowed to conclude my remarks with a tribute which was paid to the late Senator TAYLOR by his lifelong friend, Mr. De Long Rice.

The PRESIDENT pro tempore. In the absence of objection, permission to do so will be granted.

The tribute referred to is as follows:

A TRIBUTE BY HON. DE LONG RICE, OF NASHVILLE, TENN., A LIFE-LONG FRIEND, ASSOCIATE, AND ADMIRER OF THE LATE SENATOR ROBERT LOVE TAYLOR.

Sweet as honey flowed his stream of speech.

For 20 years ROBERT LOVE TAYLOR was the most successful lecturer on the American platform. If all of his audiences could be gathered together they would make a multitude of millions of people.

This estimate includes the tour in 1895–96 with his brother, Hon. Alfred A. Taylor, in their joint lecture, "Yankee Doodle and Dixie," which, in its splendid balance and reciprocal beauty, was one of the most unique and sensationally successful attractions ever presented in America. Differing widely in manner and style, each served as a foil to develop the brilliancy of the other.

A careful estimate shows the gross earnings of Senator TAYLOR's lectures to have run far into the hundreds of thousands of dollars—a sum which, had he hoarded and invested it, might have easily made him a millionaire. But BOB TAYLOR's riches were of the soul.

You ask, What became of his money? It went through the sieve of his great generous heart for the happiness of those he loved, for the betterment of mankind, and the advancement of civilization. Some of it has crossed the oceans to spread the light of religion; some of it is crooning above the cradles of orphan asylums; some of it is ministering to the sick in hospitals; some of it is built into the walls of libraries; much of it is standing in bronze and marble grace throughout the South to perpetuate the glory of the Confederate soldier; and still more of it is pointing toward heaven in the gleaming spires of churches; not one dollar of it was spent to serve a sordid purpose.

No more appropriate epitaph could be carved upon the tomb of ROBERT L. TAYLOR than this: "He loved everybody and everything except money."

That he was an extraordinary man is a fact which will pass into history. As the viewpoints of those who knew him differ, so will their opinions differ as to the extent of his greatness and the fineness of his genius. In the effort to correctly focus the eyes of the future upon him, truth must inevitably wrangle with

error, and though truth shall prevail, the written page can never do him justice; no analysis can clearly define him. Not even a Shakespeare or a Milton can paint the flavor of a peach or picture the odor of a rose. Poets may sing forever of moonlit rivers, but unless you have looked upon their shimmering silver flowing through hours that belong to dreams you are a stranger to their beauty.

Only those who have seen and heard BOB TAYLOR can enjoy anything approaching a true conception of the man. Like all remarkable men, he followed no guide and walked no beaten road. His success mocked all precedents and defied all rules. Though he occupied for 30 years the throne of fame, his severest dignity was the simplicity of his nature, and love was the sword of his strength. His perennial humor was only the tinsel draping of his power like the sun-embroidered shawl of mist that wraps Niagara's mighty shoulders.

This man of marvelous personality was a veritable human magnet. Wherever he chose to cast the zone of his influence the multitudes were drawn to him by the unseen chords of his fascination. An incomparable stump speaker, a brilliant young Congressman, a splendid governor, he nevertheless soared above these accomplishments and left them far below, for it was on the lecture platform that he found the true destiny of his talents and reached the noon of his glory.

It was in October of 1891 that he determined to leave the harbor of political achievement and set forth on a strange sea. Contemplating its inhospitable waters, he gathered no assurance of certain success, for he remembered that beneath its treacherous tides were the sunken hopes of many a statesman. But with the buoyant heart of an adventurous mariner he prepared for the first voyage. He built a ship of wondrous beauty and christened her "The Fiddle and the Bow." His foreman was inspiration and the muses were his carpenters. Softly moved their invisible planes and saws and silently fell their hammers of fancy. The master whose mind conceived this phantom craft wrought with dubious care, for he knew that she must travel the dead waters of indifference, breast the green waves of envy, and meet the fierce tempests of criticism. Her timbers were as light as the foam of a fairy ocean and her frame was shaped to the grace of a swan. Her rigging was roped with moonbeams and her sails were set to catch the winds

from a thousand islands of laughter and song. She flew the flag of universal love. Her gunners were cupids and her guns were cupids' bows. On her deck of sentiment skipped and strolled the spirit of mirth and the soul of pathos, while o'er her keel was spilled the mellow wine of long ago.

"The Fiddle and the Bow" was launched in the cold gloom of a December evening in 1891, and when she sailed back home amid the melting ice of March she was blazoned with victory and freighted with gold.

BOB TAYLOR'S other ships that were launched in the years that followed were masterpieces. All were the bearers of visions as voluptuous and fair as e'er floated in the festivals of Cleopatra above the dozy currents of the Nile; all returned with cargoes of wealth to their builder, and all are monuments to his memory; but no vessel ever sailed from the port of his dreams which so completely explored and conquered the vast deep of human emotions as did the first-born of his genius.

Having glanced at BOB TAYLOR'S successful advent into the lyceum world and having briefly studied, by suggestion and allegory, the mold and fiber of his first lecture, let us consider for a moment the temper of the public toward lecturers and the difficulties which confront them.

The purely educational lecture is the one which was originally intended for the platform, but at the time the lyceum idea began to assert itself in the United States that class of lecture was far more of a necessity than it is to-day. This is the age of printed literature. Because a man can pursue the classics at his own fireside and learn from the periodicals of the day the most advanced theories on all current questions he finds it less necessary and less desirable to spend his money for instructions from the platform.

But still less attractive is the lecture which lives only from lips to ear and dies within the hour of its delivery, which leaves no lesson, imparts no knowledge, and gives no stimulus to the nobility of our natures. It is the strong drink of the platform which buoys us into the garden of false fancy for an instant and then leaves us in dullness and remorse when its temporary effect has flown.

Behold the two dangers of the platformist! Unsweetened facts and unilluminated figures on the one hand and superficial nonsense on the other. Happy is the man and rare, indeed, who can

steer his course clear and true between the deadly Scylla of statistical dry dust and the fatal Charybdis of verbal froth. 'Tis in this narrow, though bright and sunny, strait that the jewel of success is found.

He who would win must be able to interest and fascinate while giving delightful and substantial nourishment to the intellect. He must know how to gem the dullest fact with pleasing luster and point the most frivolous joke with lofty purpose. To be a savant is not sufficient. Scholarly attainments are only his raw materials. Though there be folded within his brain the countless pages of a Carnegie library, the voice of his knowledge may rasp the air with discord and the words of his learning may fall from a tuneless tongue. And even with scholarship and the music of speech he may fail without that other and greatest essential—that quality which in our ignorance we sometimes call individuality, sometimes magnetism, sometimes personality, always genius. Wherever we meet it we bow before its scepter, but when we seek to comprehend it it flees from us like the wraith of a myth. It is as evasive, as intangible, and indescribable as the power of electricity which holds the universe in its unseen clutch. It sometimes shows itself in a glance of the eye or flits before us on the wings of a smile. Unapproachable as a spirit, it is the divine bower of an immortal; it is the copyright of a soul.

It is this bewitching force that weaves the laurels and molds the crowns of history. It was this mysterious power, softened with love and seasoned with humor, which made BOB TAYLOR king of the American platform for 20 years.

It seems but an hour since the sun of his life went down. While yet we linger in the twilight of recollection, before the night of forgetfulness blurs the picture of memory, let us, in imagination, look at him again. We will erect a great auditorium in the realm of the mind, people it with the phantom forms of those who loved him, and encore him from the silence of death to speak to us once more.

There he is in the dressing room impatiently waiting to begin, absent-minded, and uncommunicative to those who have the bad judgment to persist in talking to him while he is massing his faculties for his effort. The glow of interest is in his face. He is a general preparing to send his troops to victory. Observing him, a man near by asks if his lecture is to be extemporaneous. Oh, foolish question! It would be as sensible to ask if Napo-

leon manufactured powder on the thundering field of Marengo or molded cannon balls amid the roaring guns of Austerlitz.

Now the curtain rises on fluttering fans and radiant faces, the eager expectants of a joyous hour. The droning murmur of the multitude is hushed and many a conversation dies on the lips of whispering lovers. This is the most dangerous moment that comes to the speaker, and the keen sense of our orator feels it. He learns, with a look of satisfaction, that the useless introductory speech is to be omitted and that he is to appear unannounced. He does not slouch to the front with that unembarrassed awkwardness and insolent brass so common among successful speakers. Straightening himself to his full height with a quick and springing grace, he advances to the footlights with military precision of step. A gentle wave of applause rolls through the audience, but he gives it no acknowledgment. He does not smile; he does not bow; only stands still and waits for quiet. In the extreme straightness of his posture he appears to lean back a little above the waistline. His face is slightly uplifted and his left hand is raised to rest lightly over his heart. Though perfectly calm, he is not careless. Every nerve of concentration is on duty. He does not persecute us with a prelude or bore us with a preamble. The music of his discourse starts with his first word, and his opening sentence thrills us as when a master sweeps the strings of his harp in the full flow of its melody. He is no solemn-browed teacher, vexing us with major premise and minor premise and assailing us with logical conclusions. Such matters are left to Socrates and Plato and Aristotle, the crystal fountains of philosophy. He is telling us of things we already know, though we have never known them as we see them now. He opens the doors of an endless picture gallery, and when we step into its enchanted halls, lo, it is only the old familiar earth through which we have walked with unseeing eyes. Yonder, where we have looked upon ragged cliffs and crags, he shows us the towering mountains subdued and toned in their gigantic grandeur by the poetic haze of Indian summer. The hills up which we have toiled and the valleys where we have labored are all adorned with new-found charms. We learn that the gold of harvest fields is more than a promise of biscuits and pies, and that the foaming beauty of cascade and cataract will quench the thirst of our souls.

Lashing us to the pinions of his mind, he leaves the picture gallery of earth and soars aloft to where worlds are born, reveals

our weakness, and unveils the power of God in the light of wheeling suns.

Now, on the easy wings of his daring art, he descends from boundless tracts of stars to a thicket of jabbering apes, and sings a simian love song under a coconut tree.

Fresh from zones of comets and astral climes, we are convulsed with laughter. He smiles at us while waiting for the storm of mirth to pass, and then leads us back to the happy land of childhood, becomes a boy himself, reacts the reckless deeds of barefoot days, and convicts us of forgotten crimes, besieges forbidden orchards, and throws headlong courage against the red-hot bayonets of charging hornets. He plunders pantries and loots cupboards, and while we laugh and laugh again he wipes his cherry-stained lips upon his ragged sleeve.

Deftly he closes the gates of the realm of yesterday and the eyes of merriment are dimmed with tears.

Ere we are aware of it he wafts us into a new kingdom, where every melodious sound is the fragment of an anthem. In the deep forest, cool with shadows and morning dew, he coaxes from the golden throats of wild birds the sweet concord of bands and chords; and where the disk of evening falls on meadow and grove and stream he marshals the voices of the night in grand rehearsal. With master baton he conducts a chorus of crickets and katydids, of beetles and bullfrogs, and all the countless creatures of chirping throats and whirring wings.

The end of the lecture is near; he leaves the scenes of grandeur and of levity, takes us into the purple chamber of his heart, and talks to us of the intimate things of life; divines with eyes of love the dimpling dreams of little babes, and counts the striped marbles of our children, hallows the faces of father and mother, and consecrates the home. Eighty minutes have swiftly flown while he has swept the keys and chords of human sentiment. Applause is clamoring for more, but his finishing note has been struck. He bows and walks rapidly off the stage and the curtain falls, while laughter sighs and pathos smiles.

Oh, unique character among men. We salute thee ere we say farewell. No mind could soar in beauty's skies with freer flight. Who but thee could drop with grace from flying planets to grimacing monkeys? Who but thee could hold us spellbound with discourse on such little things as beetles and frogs and butterflies? Only Shakespeare in all the pages of literature;

and in this particular art thou didst outdo him, for in the endless scale of thy matchless voice were all the mimic sounds of forest and field and flowing waters, and thou couldst glorify or distort thy noble face to impersonate whatsoever thou wouldst. In thee speechless nature found a voice and thou didst become the tongue of dumb beauty. Thy like shall not appear; the centuries shall sigh in vain for thy duplicate. Would that we could hold and fix thee here in the fullness of thy wonted power as a lasting legacy to millions yet to be; but barren is our wish, for while broken-hearted music sobbed in sacred song above thy open grave, we saw all that earth can claim of thee sink to everlasting rest beneath sheaves and shocks of roses.

Address of Mr. Fletcher, of Florida

Mr. President: It was fitting that there should come out of Happy Valley, in the Volunteer State, one whose life would furnish an example of sincere worship of God, service to his fellow man, and to his country.

It was fitting, too, that this life should be so spent that he who lived it should deserve the title of "the apostle of sunshine."

Near Happy Valley, the home of his childhood, and near Robin Roost, the home of his later years, when that life was ended on earth, his remains were laid to rest in Old Gray Cemetery, at Knoxville, April 5, 1912, amidst a field of floral tributes and in the presence of thousands of sorrowing friends.

Without exception, old and young, male and female, white and black, all who knew him—and they were legion—felt and manifested a grief they could not express and a loss they could not compensate.

That he was loved and honored in his home city and throughout his State with rare fidelity and unanimity was made plain to all who witnessed the outpouring of the people at every station through which the funeral train passed. On the faces of those people could be read the genuine affection they felt for him and the evidence of personal bereavement they suffered.

At Nashville and Knoxville particularly, where the remains lay in state, this sentiment and feeling were impressively shown.

In the sacred soil of his native State, which holds all mortal of such illustrious men as Andrew Jackson, James K. Polk, Andrew Johnson, Isham G. Harris, and William B. Bate, there sleeps none more loved, none closer to the

hearts of his people, none more honored, none whose memory will be sweeter and more cherished and more enduring than Senator ROBERT LOVE TAYLOR.

That he possessed the true religious spirit and nature is beautifully shown in the eloquent funeral sermon delivered by his pastor, Dr. Neighbors.

That this spirit caused him to feel and disseminate the joy which the righteous experience here and now was illustrated in his daily life. He inwardly protested, I am sure, against the wording of that good old song, "There is a happy land far, far away," and he would have it read, "There is a happy land wherever we may be." To be joyous here, to be happy now, does not militate against but rather presages joy and happiness beyond the grave. If there is any better way to honor the Creator, any saner manner of showing reverence to the Author of our being, any higher evidence of earnest and sincere worship, "in spirit and in truth," than to prize life, to value its blessings, spread the gospel of good will and cheerfulness, see the beauties in all nature, laugh with the rippling waters and romping children, sing with the birds, smile with the stars, glow with the sunlight, join in the music of the spheres, it is difficult to perceive or understand.

In all the relations of life he carried with him this disposition. He did not keep it to himself, but, like the whirling dynamo, he generated it constantly and threw it out so that it affected all within his reach.

Dr. Neighbors well said:

> If I had to state any one thing as the great secret of his great power, I would say it was his great heart—a heart that overflowed all bounds and actuated every movement of his life and made him absolutely invincible before humanity.

In private life, on the lecture platform, in official station, his deep concern was for the happiness and the welfare of his fellow man.

In the splendid tribute referred to, Dr. Neighbors, who knew him intimately and his promptings and nature, well said that it "was never any part of his program to wrong any human being, or harm anything God has ever made"; that his "great nature was too large to be little and too good to be mean."

Just a month before he died he had gone to Tennessee as an ambassador of peace. Men whom he had known for years were at variance with each other, having differences which were driving them further apart, animosities were being engendered, and in the hope that he might bring them together in amity and united purpose, he left Washington, with the olive branch in his hand and love in his bosom, in an effort to compose those differences, heal up any wounds, and promote harmony and good will among his people. He wished for their happiness and contentment, and he desired to see them prosper and direct their energies toward the common good.

So he felt toward his countrymen everywhere.

As governor of his State, as Senator of the United States, he stood for equality before the law, justice, and the ideals that make for progress and greatness.

He had seen his own Southland in ashes and in the throes of despair, and this touched him. At the same time he bore no bitterness. In the last speech he delivered in the Senate he made this characteristic utterance:

> Mr. President, I despise sectional jealousy, I abhor sectional animosity, but I do believe in sectional pride and sectional patriotism. I do not fall out with the East for believing that the aurora borealis is the reflection of the fires of eastern furnaces and factories, nor with the West for believing the sunset glow is the reflection of western fields of grain; and why should they fall out with me for entertaining the opinion that the Milky Way is only the picture on the sky of the rice and cotton fields of Dixie?

In more serious vein he displayed the broad vision, the sound reasoning, and the wisdom of the statesman.

Merely remarking, without elaboration, the gentle manners, and pervading good humor of the man, the grace and eloquence of the orator, the inimitable powers of the raconteur, the sweetness of his home life, the tenderness and breadth of his affections, which drew to him a wealth of friendship, I may illustrate his statesmanlike grasp of national questions by quoting the concluding sentences of the speech last mentioned, to wit:

> I do not believe that the United States will ever reach the high tide of its glory until we apply the golden rule and deal justly not only with our own people at home, but with the people of other nations. We can not hope to defend the principles of free government and to exemplify the blessings which they bring until we apply them impartially under our own flag. We can not hope to lead all the nations of the earth in commerce and trade until we are willing to buy as well as to sell. We can not hope to perpetuate our free institutions and to hand them down to posterity as a priceless heritage until we wipe from our statute books the last vestige of unequal and unjust taxation, the great destroyer of nations.

As governor he gave his State three honest, efficient, and tranquil administrations. As Senator he illustrated the highest and best qualities of her people in a manner most creditable and in consonance with her glorious history. He lived up to that command pronounced by the Master in reply to the lawyer's inquiry, which furnished the supreme direction for the guidance of human society. Saying this much is equivalent to expressing the conviction that the spirit of our friend, whom we all loved, is to-day in the enjoyment of those blessings guaranteed to "the pure in heart."

Address of Mr. Owen, of Oklahoma

Mr. President: On behalf of Oklahoma and the great West, where he has tens of thousands of friends and lovers, on behalf of the special and very affectionate personal regard which I so long have entertained for him, I come to present a tribute of love to the memory of my dear friend, Robert Love Taylor.

His friends loved to call him "Bob Taylor" because of the sympathetic good-fellowship that radiated from him as light flows from the noonday sun; and he loved to be called by that familiar name, because he much preferred the title given by human sympathy and human affection to any of the public titles and dignities with which his fellow countrymen had delighted to honor him.

No man has been more greatly missed from the United States Senate by his colleagues than this genial, delightful southern friend, this brother-like man, who hailed from Happy Valley on the beautiful Watauga of eastern Tennessee.

He was a most valuable statesman and useful public servant; a wonderful orator, he moved his fellow men to laughter and to tears.

He was an everlasting fountain of wit, of good humor, and of innocent fun, as well as full of wise counsel and of sound judgment. He was a lover of music. He loved to play the violin and to sing, and charmed thousands with "the fiddle and the bow" and with the sweet old songs of long ago. He was a poet in sentiment, in the dreaming of exquisite and beautiful dreams, in building "castles in the

air." He was an apostle of happiness. Listen to his beautiful appreciation of music:

The spirit of music, like an archangel, presides over mankind and all visible creation. Her afflatus, divinely sweet, divinely powerful, is breathed on every human heart and inspires every soul to some nobler sentiment, some higher thought, some greater action.

O, music, sweetest, sublimest ideal of Omniscience, first born of God, fairest and loftiest seraph of the celestial hierarchy, muse of the beautiful, daughter of the universe!

In the morning of eternity when the stars were young, her first grand oratorio burst upon raptured Deity and thrilled the wondering angels; all heaven shouted; ten thousand times ten thousand jeweled harps, ten thousand times ten thousand angel tongues caught up the song; and ever since, through all the golden cycles its breathing melodies, old as eternity, yet ever new as the flitting hours, have floated on the air of heaven.

He was a lover of children and sympathized with the thoughts of children, and his own heart sang in sympathy with the heart of a child. Listen to him describe a child—and the old black mammy:

I saw a cottage among the elms and oaks, and a little curly head toddled at the door. He toddled under the trees, prattling to the birds and playing with the ripening apples that fell on the ground. He toddled among the roses and plucked their leaves as he would have plucked an angel's wings, strewing their glory upon the green grass at his feet. He chased the butterflies from flower to flower and shouted with glee as they eluded his grasp and sailed away on the summer air. Here, I thought, his childish fancy had built a paradise and peopled it with dainty seraphim and made himself its Adam. He saw the sunlight of Eden glint on every leaf and beam in every petal. The flitting honeybee, the whirling June bug, the fluttering breeze, the silvery pulse beat of the dashing brook, sounded in his ears notes of their swelling music. The iris-winged humming bird, darting like a sunbeam to kiss the pouting lips of the upturned flowers, was to him the impersonation of beauty. And I said, "Truly, childhood is the nearest approach in this world to the paradise of long ago."

Then I saw him skulking like a culprit in the shrubbery, his face downcast with guilt, his skirts bedraggled and soiled. He had waded the Atlantic Ocean in the mud puddle and stirred up the Mediterranean Sea in the water bucket. He had shipwrecked the young ducks, capsized the goslings, and drowned the kitten, which he imagined a whale. And I said, "There is the old original Adam coming to the surface."

"Lawd bless my soul, jis' look at dat chile. Look at dat face an' dem han's, all kivered wid mud an' mulberry juice. You'se a'gwine to ketch it. Jis' 'zackly like yo' pa—always gittin' into some scrape or nudder, always breakin' into some kind uv debilment. Gwine to break into Congress some uv dese days sho'. Dey can't keep you out'n it. Come along wid me dis instinct to de baff tub. I'se a'gwine ter wash dat face uv yo'n an' lucidate some uv dat dirt off'n dem han's an' dem clo'es, you triflin' rascal, you." And, so saying, she carried him away, kicking and screaming like a young savage in open rebellion.

And I said, "There is some more of the original Adam." Then I saw him come forth again, washed and dressed in spotless white, like a young butterfly fresh from its chrysalis, and when he got a chance, I saw him slip on his tiptoes into the pantry, and there was the clink of glassware as though a mouse were playing there among the jam pots and preserves. There two little dimpled hands made trip after trip to a rose-colored mouth, bearing burdens of mingling sweets that dripped from cheek and chin and skirt and shoes, subduing the snowy white with the amber of the peach and the purple of the raspberry as he ate of the forbidden fruit.

BOB TAYLOR moved the hearts of men to respond to the tender sentiment of love for the child, the home, and to laugh aloud with honest fun and good humor.

BOB TAYLOR not only had in his heart the love of childhood and of women and of men, but he showed it in his official life. BOB TAYLOR, the lovable, loved men; he knew their weaknesses and their frailties; he knew their innate goodness as well, and did not forget it when men, through some misfortune, came to grief and fell under the iron hand of the law. And he used the pardoning power

freely. He "felt the stings of criticism for the liberal use of the pardoning power." Who that realizes human suffering and sorrow and the divine spark of goodness that always remains in the culprit would blame the gentle-hearted BOB TAYLOR? Listen to his defense:

> But I saw old mothers with their white locks and wrinkled brows swoon at the governor's feet every day. I saw old fathers with broken hearts and tear-stained faces, and heard them plead by the hour for their wayward boys. I saw a wife and seven children, clad in tatters and rags and barefooted in winter, fall down upon their knees around him who held the pardoning power. I saw a little girl climb upon the governor's knee and put her little arms around his neck, and I heard her ask him if he had little girls; and then I saw her sob upon his bosom as though her little heart would break, and heard her plead for mercy for her poor, miserable, wretched, convict father. I saw want and woe and anguish unutterable pass before the gubernatorial door, and I said, "Let this heartless world condemn, let the critics frown and rail, but he who hath power and doth not temper justice with mercy will cry in vain himself for mercy on that great day when God shall judge the merciful and the unmerciful."

Mr. President, the beloved BOB TAYLOR was born in Happy Valley, east Tennessee, and has made thousands weep with delight describing Happy Valley. He has made Happy Valley, on the beautiful Watauga, immortal.

For 33 years—as Congressman, as three-times governor, as Senator, or in other positions of distinction—he faithfully served his country.

I knew him intimately and always was delighted to be in his genial and charming company. He was so broad minded, so generous in his sympathies, putting his arms around men and teaching them the better things of life. He was so kind and gentle and lovable. I never heard him speak an unkind word of any human being. He has been a blessing to Tennessee. He has been a shining light in every place in life. He probably had the personal

affection of more people than any other man in the United States. He has done great honor to Tennessee, to the South, and to human nature. I rejoice in the opportunity of paying my tribute of love to him.

If every soul to whose happiness he has directly contributed should bring a flower and lay it in loving memory upon his grave, his monument would be a wilderness of blooms and a pyramid of flowers filling the earth with perfume.

He was an apostle of love, of laughter, good humor, and song. He was a lover of the beautiful, of sentiment, and of story. He was indeed a son of the Most High, a son of the King of kings. Let him speak the last word in this tribute of memory:

> I am a king. I dwell in the palace of love, by the brawling brook of laughter, on the brink of the river of song. And so are all the sons and daughters of Adam equal kings and queens with me whose hearts beat time to nature's music and whose souls are in love with the beautiful. There is a crown of sunshine for every brow by day, a coronet of stars by night. The angels of light hover above us all, and arch the heavens with the rainbow of hope for all, and bring from the vapory vineyards of the clouds the sparkling champagne of pure crystal water to bless the lips of all. All the delightful dreams that spread their wings above the horizon of the heart, all the glorious thoughts that fly out from the heaven of the brain, all the jubilees of joy that crowd the circling hours of mortal life, are the regal gifts of God to mankind—the royal heritage of all. There are songs sweeter than were ever sung; there is beauty which defies even the brush of the Raphael for you and for me and for us all.

Let men not grieve for Bob Taylor. He is with the King of kings, dwelling "in the palace of love," listening to and singing "songs sweeter than were ever sung," delighting in the "beauty which defies even the brush of the Raphael" in the ineffable glory of God, which he foresaw and often exquisitely portrayed.

Address of Mr. O'Gorman, of New York

Mr. President: To-day we honor the memory of a beloved colleague who died in the service of the Nation. In paying tribute to the memory of Robert Love Taylor we find abundant thought for memorial eulogy.

Senators have dwelt upon his rare eloquence, his scholarly attainments, his devotion to every worthy cause, and his distinguished service to his State and to the Nation. We have been reminded of notable instances in his illustrious public career. The life of the late Senator from Tennessee was rich in achievement. He occupied high station with honor to himself and usefulness to his country. He never faltered in a public or a private duty, and to-day his loss is mourned and his fame treasured by a grateful people, not alone in the Commonwealth whose citizenship he adorned, but throughout the length and breadth of the Republic, whose interests he served in the Senate of the United States with conspicuous ability and fidelity.

Mr. President, I shall touch upon a single phase of his extraordinary personality. Notwithstanding his record of accomplishment, the impression which his life's work made and the memory of his deeds that linger is that of the poet, the orator, the genius of good humor, the dreamer, the idealist. Brave and courageous though he was, his courage and bravery were chastened and glorified by a kindness and gentleness of spirit that banished hatred and malice and created about him an atmosphere of genial warmth, in which blossomed and thrived the beautiful flowers of friendship, love, and affection.

My acquaintance with Robert Love Taylor in this Chamber was all too brief—aye, measured by the span of

life, but a moment—and yet a moment of life, whose rejuvenating radiance is undimmed and the cheering influence of which I shall cherish through all the passing years.

Throughout his varied and interesting career he bore upon his shield a message of good will and encouragement to his fellow men. His most effective weapon was laughter, his invincible armor the pure gold of a generous and loyal fraternity.

'Tis well in our all too serious workaday world to pause to pay homage to one whose life was a rebuke to selfishness and an appeal to the better angles of our nature.

Who shall say that the austere statesman or the unyielding warrior does more for the betterment and uplift of mankind than one who leads the children of men into the paths of poesy and laughter, and, turning away from the frown of a Napoleon, seeks inspiration in the sunshine of Tom Moore and Bobby Burns?

It would seem to have been more than a coincidence that the birthplace of Senator Taylor was the town of Happy Valley, for to him and to those blest with his companionship the world was a valley of happiness, and if earnest prayers are answered, if fond hopes are realized, he passed through the shadow of death into the Happy Valley of eternal peace.

I deem it a privilege to have this opportunity to add my humble tribute of affectionate esteem and admiration to those of the thousands of men and women whose lives were brightened and whose days were gladdened by the brilliant mind and honest heart and faithful service of this smiling child of nature from Sunny Tennessee.

Address of Mr. Chilton, of West Virginia

Mr. President: Many years before Robert Love Taylor became a Member of this body I met him in the State of West Virginia, a strong, active man, and he then told me that if he could ever get a primary to settle who should be the nominee of his party for United States Senator he would come to the Senate. Afterwards, either by action of the committee of his party or the laws of his State, a primary for this office was held in the State of Tennessee and he was nominated and elected to the Senate.

This incident illustrates the character of the man. No one ever had a firmer faith in the people of his State, and no one ever had better reason for that faith. During the many years of his active life in politics one had only to cross the line into Tennessee and to talk with the people in any of the walks of life to comprehend that Mr. Taylor had the confidence of the great body of the people of the State, and, conditions being normal, could command their votes. In any discussion with him of politics in his State it could be easily observed that he never doubted that his only source of power lay in his ability to reach the heart and the intelligence of the constituency of his State.

The acquaintance which I formed on the occasion mentioned lasted until his death. When I came to the Senate I found him here, loved and respected by every Member of the body. I renewed the acquaintance that I had formed in West Virginia, and I found him here in public life as I had found him in West Virginia in private

life, a frank, open-hearted, kindly, lovable man, always ready to do something for others.

My years of acquaintance justify me in saying that, if his wishes could be observed, this occasion should be given up to absolute frankness in everything that is to be said of his life and services. Undeserved praise he did not want; indeed, he shrank at commendation justly earned and honestly bestowed; and I think that he would have his friends now speak from the heart, so that the people of the State which he served, honored, and loved would see in the pictures here the same man, the same governor, the same Senator who made an enviable reputation on the public platform from one end of the country to the other. His name may not be connected with any of the great acts of constructive legislation because of the shortness of his service in this body and the condition of his health during the latter part of his service; and yet everyone associated with him on committees and in the work of the Senate will testify that he was always prompt and ever useful in the work assigned to him. He had the faculty to listen patiently, to do justice to all sides of a question, and then to come to a reasonable and just conclusion that he would express in a few homely words. He had courage to do a thing solely because it was right and because it appealed to his judgment, and while he did not always take the time to disclose the processes through which his mind had passed in coming to a conclusion, yet that conclusion, when expressed, showed that he had mastered the subject and that he had weighed every argument which had been adduced on the question. He was a useful, honest, capable Member of this body, and never failed to rise to any occasion which demanded the best of his thought or the best of his well-recognized oratorical ability. As

an orator he was unique. It has been said of him that if every voter in Tennessee could hear him speak in a campaign he would be invincible in that State. When on his feet on the stump or on the lecture platform he swayed the audience from laughter to tears without apparent effort.

I have seen an audience convulsed with laughter and moved to tears by his eloquence within a quarter of an hour, and I have seen him rise to flights of oratory unsurpassed by anyone whom I have ever had the pleasure of hearing. The secret of this power over an audience lay in the depths of his sentiment, of his power to picture any incident or any sentiment in pure Anglo-Saxon and in his unaffected simplicity. He knew and comprehended, as few public men have, the life of the farmer, the wage earner, and the business man of this country. His great heart took in the struggles of labor and the hardships of the farmer. He could see life as they saw it, and then he had the power to make a picture of that life and in words could fairly spread it upon a canvas before his audience. He could show the solemn side of laughter and at the same time could smile upon the most poignant sorrow of life. His heart was in sympathy with the life of the people, and he seemed to grasp intuitively the strength and the weakness of the audience which he was addressing. If by an orator is meant a man who can present his own thoughts to an audience and make the audience feel and think as he feels, then Mr. TAYLOR was a prince among orators. He not only loved the State of Tennessee, but he loved the people of Tennessee. In his public discourse and in his private conversation he dwelt upon his boyhood life in that State and the early struggles of those pioneers who went over the mountains and formed that great Commonwealth. Truly, his loyalty to his State and his devotion to his people caused him to see the world

through the eyes of Tennessee. He cared nothing for money or for wealth. Business did not interest him. He loved the mountains, the rivers, flowers, music, poetry, and the people. Although he had decided musical talent, he never attempted to cultivate it beyond the songs and tunes of his native mountains. He played the fiddle, not the violin, and his touch upon the strings of that instrument was as sweet as his voice when it went out to a native audience upon a pleasant subject. But he played only the tunes of Tennessee, and his fiddling and his oratory were both pitched for his beloved Tennesseeans.

Truly, he died too soon. He was just entering upon a field of usefulness to his State in this body. The great battles of constructive legislation which must concern his party in the near future would have found in him a man with sound judgment, and these important questions would have found in him a champion whose life had been devoted to their solution. He was loved as a friend by every Member of this body, and there is probably not a man in public life here who does not sincerely regret his loss.

The thousands of West Virginians who knew him and loved him truly mourn with Tennessee and his family the death of this great and good man.

Address of Mr. Bradley, of Kentucky

Mr. President: Death did a a cruel thing when it took him from our midst. Bob Taylor was a rare combination of humor, pathos, and sunshine. His hand was ever open and his heart ever in sympathy with the poor. When he entered the humblest habitation of sorrow, darkness was dispelled by the light of his winsome smile and cheering voice. He was naturally a poet and musician, and had he centered his attention on either would have become famous. But he preferred the political theater, and in that he was an eminent success. His very name seemed to carry with it an irresistible force in Tennessee. Time and again he was elevated to place and power, but through all he was the same plain, unassuming gentleman. I am proud to say that he was my friend and that we loved each other with all the strong affection which it is possible for man to entertain for man. To me his death was a source not only of profound but personal grief. However, it is painful to dwell on these personal relations, for they only cause the waves of sorrow which have receded to return with overpowering force.

I shall not deal at length with his public services, for these are a part of the country's history and known to all. Suffice it to say, he was faithful, efficient, and honorable.

No man ever loved his State and people with more idolatrous devotion. To them he was always loyal and true. To him the Tennessee mountains had a fascination, and from them he drew the inspiration of his wonderful success.

In this body he was loved and respected by all, and his death was to us the source of the greatest sorrow.

What we say here counts for little. We can not remove the pangs of distress that afflict his loved ones. We may be able to brush away a tear, but we can not supplant it with a smile. All we can do is to record our love and appreciation for the man and from our heart of hearts express a word of sympathy to those who stagger beneath the fearful blow that has fallen upon them. But we can and do express the hope and belief that he has been gathered as a rich sheaf to the harvest home, where in company with the angels he joins in heavenly music, and that he shall partake of all the joys of immortality.

To him we alter our salutation from "Good morning" to "Farewell," but we shall cherish his memory and feel and know that each of us is better for having known him.

Address of Mr. Webb, of Tennessee

Mr. President: Senator Robert L. Taylor, though poor in early life in things of financial value, was rich, indeed, in the truest sense in the great multitude of his friends. His friends stood the test. They never deserted him. He gripped them with a power that was stronger than steel. No man ever had friends in greater multitude. Senator Taylor did not seek friendship for the hope of reward, but for the enjoyment, as Cicero said, "which is found in love itself." Senator Taylor's platform for life was "All men are neighbors."

Cicero says:

> There is no true life which does not find the restful pleasure that proceeds from the mutual affection of friends. What can be sweeter than to have a friend to whom one may venture to confide all things as to one's self? What enjoyment would there be in success unless one had a friend to rejoice in that success even as himself? And finally all other subjects of human endeavor are suited only to particular ends; wealth for use, power to acquire prestige, pleasures to enjoy, good health that one may be free from pain and perform the functions of the body. But friendship, on the other hand, combines many advantages. Whichever way you turn, it is an ever-present aid; from no place is it barred; never is it unseasonable; never a cause of annoyance. And so to compare it with what are commonly termed the necessities of life, we find friendship of more general advantage than water and fire.

To be denied water and fire was to be banished from home. Home is where friends are—

> For friendship renders prosperity more delightful and lightens adversity by dividing and sharing our sorrows.

Robert L. Taylor, when a young man, was elected governor of Tennessee. He naturally desired a second

term. His nomination was bitterly contested. I was a delegate to the convention which was authorized to nominate his successor. It was perhaps the longest political convention on record. I, with his other friends, voted every time for ROBERT L. TAYLOR. His opponents pitted many candidates older and longer in the service and of greater reputation against him. Gov. TAYLOR held his delegates intact to the close of the sixth day. All this time he had a majority of the delegates, but not the two-thirds that the party rules required. I have never seen such fidelity. He loved the people and they loved him. His delegates, most of them from the rural districts, remained in the city of Nashville at a heavy expense to themselves and had no second choice. His nomination and triumphant election created immense enthusiasm in the State and greatly increased his popularity.

ROBERT L. TAYLOR will go down in history as "the apostle of sunshine." He lived for the happiness of others. He made everybody about him have a good time. His perpetual good humor was contagious. There was joy and gladness wherever he was. During his first term as governor the young man was very much criticized for going against his party platform in advocating Federal aid to education. My county was against him. I invited him to lecture to my school and said to him:

When the roll of counties is called at the approaching convention, Bedford County will stand alphabetically almost at the top of the roll.

He delivered a great speech on that occasion on "The cabins of Tennessee," and with great eloquence showed what education could do for the poor boy. He never afterwards lost a Bedford County delegation. It was marvelous how he could move the people with his good-humored eloquence. His love for the people was sincere.

The children never forgot his visits to a home, and

always lined up with him when old enough to vote. His visits to my home were green spots in the children's memory. At night after his inimitable lectures he would assemble the schoolboys around him, and they would enjoy his splendid social entertainment till the wee small hours, greeting his fine wit and unique anecdotes with shouts of merry laughter. He brought—

> Jest and youthful jollity,
> Quips and cranks * * *
> Nods and becks and wreathed smiles,
> Sport that wrinkled care derides
> And laughter holding both his sides.

Gov. TAYLOR was criticized for his number of pardons. He said to me, when the papers were full of censure:

> Webb, I asked the Tennessee Legislature to make proper provision for youthful convicts; not to send them to the penitentiary, to that school of crime with hardened villains. They would not grant my request. They shall not send the boys to that school of crime as long as I am governor of Tennessee.

It was that splendid stand of Gov. TAYLOR that called the attention of the people to this great need in favor of proper provision for those guilty of the indiscretions of youth, and needing reformatories for education and training into good citizenship and not a penitentiary at hard labor in the company of those older and more vicious incorrigibles that could not be reformed and made good citizens. This was right and required great force of character and strong conviction to stem the tide of adverse criticism. The papers never gave him credit for the list of young people pardoned—just the number. It looked large. Gov. TAYLOR in that same interview said to me: "Webb, what would you do if a lovely little country girl were to nestle down in your lap, put her arms around your neck, and ask you to give her her father for a Christmas gift, and tell you that she did not even know her father—that he did kill the man, but was drunk and

did not know what he was doing? Webb, she took him home. I could not help it."

At this recital on the train Gov. TAYLOR's eyes were wet with tears. Oh, that splendid sympathy—that great big heart was Tennessee's greatest pride. We were obliged to love him. What nobler act of man than to show tenderness, and love, and sympathy, and mercy? What is finer in man than to comfort the brokenhearted? Where did Gov. TAYLOR learn those splendid traits except from Him who gave us the greatest parable, the Good Samaritan, and from Him who said:

Come unto Me all ye who are weary and heavy laden.

I came to Washington unexpectedly to fill the unexpired term of Senator TAYLOR. Every minute has been in demand. I had no time to investigate with sufficient care his political record that covered a whole generation. My tribute to him is confined to my own personal experience. His political record is history and is read by all men. I desire to put the man, the neighbor, the friend, with his great charm, into the record.

When my former pupil, Senator Edward Ward Carmack, the gifted genius and brilliant statesman, and Senator ROBERT L. TAYLOR, the great "apostle of sunshine," as he loved to be called, both my friends and both standing for progressive measures in the interest of the rising generation as they saw them, competed for the honor of a seat in this Chamber, and I had supported Senator Carmack, I could never detect that the greeting thereafter of my greatly esteemed friend, Senator TAYLOR, was less cordial or his handshake less hearty. Little men can not understand this. Big-hearted and big-brained and well-rounded men like ROBERT L. TAYLOR can differ with their friends and still esteem and love them. He never impugned the motives of those who differed with him.

Senator ROBERT L. TAYLOR'S contributions to churches and charitable institutions all over the State were on a most magnificent scale. His wonderful drawing power as a lecturer would have given him a princely income if he had utilized it for selfish ends. I have seen him again and again in rural districts with vast multitudes of delighted people at a pay lecture given for the benefit of a church or some worthy charity. He not only invested his money, but, what was much better, he invested himself with all his varied and charming accomplishments in all enterprises that had for their ends the betterment of his fellow man.

Tennesseeans all loved Senator ROBERT L. TAYLOR as they never loved another. He was an optimist after my own heart:

One who never turned his back, but marched breast forward,
Never doubted clouds would break,
Never dreamed tho' right were worsted, wrong would triumph;
Held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better, sleep to wake.

Mr. President, I ask leave to incorporate as a part of my address the great sermon preached by Rev. W. S. Neighbors, D. D., of Bristol, Tenn., at Senator TAYLOR'S funeral in Knoxville April 5, 1912.

The PRESIDENT pro tempore. Without objection, permission to do so will be granted.

The sermon referred to is as follows:

THE FUNERAL ORATION AT THE BIER OF SENATOR ROBERT L. TAYLOR.

[By Rev. W. S. NEIGHBORS.]

Of the public life of Senator TAYLOR I shall not try to speak, except incidentally. I am in nowise furnished for such a duty, and, besides, the Nation has spoken. Almost every State in the Union has spoken. Every railroad station from Washington to Nashville and back to Knoxville has spoken. Every great daily newspaper has spoken, and most wisely, of Senator TAYLOR'S public career.

Funeral Oration by Rev. W. S. Neighbors

I wish I were fully able to unfold to you the secrets of Senator Taylor's marvelous power over men. When, years ago, I knew him less intimately than when he died, if I had been asked for these wonderful secrets I would have given them without hesitation and perhaps quite dogmatically.

First of all, I would have said that the secret of his power over men was his unbounded friendship for all sorts and conditions of humanity, reaching its climax in that proverb, "He who would have friends must show himself friendly." I still hold to this as a general proposition; but what is friendship? It is not a baseless fabric. It must be founded on something that makes it secure.

In the second place, I would have years ago told you that the secret of this man's power was in the beautiful songs and stories that he sang and told all over his native State—songs and stories that touched every chord in every human heart. But, then, songs and stories are not in themselves complete. There must be something back of them to give them point and pathos and pungency and power. I might have sung all of his songs and told all of his stories to all of his audiences and yet have won no heart.

In the third place, I would have said that the secret of his power over men was due to the simple way in which he uttered his thoughts. I still hold to that as a reasonable trite proposition. But what is simplicity? It is not shallowness—the mere play upon the surface of things. It is not a natural or a common product belonging to men in general. Only the greatest men can be simple; only the great men are capable of going to the very heart of things, bringing up the hidden depths and making them transparent.

Fourth, I made the statement years ago that his power with an audience was due to the fact that his soul was full of music; that in every other human being there are musical chords slumbering in the hidden recesses of their nature, waiting only for the touch of a master hand to respond. But what made it a master hand? I used to have little enough musical sense to believe that if a score of persons were playing upon the same kind of instruments, all tuned alike and playing the same piece, that there would be the same results, but I very recently learned that that is not true. A number were playing upon pianos. They were all tuned alike; the players were playing the same piece,

and yet as I walked through the campus I could easily pick out some players from others. Somehow or other there was something within their very souls going into their instruments and bringing forth strains of music that were mellow, full of pathos and sentiment, winning all hearts who heard them that day.

Senator TAYLOR had that indescribable combination of rare gifts and graces that made him a master before all sorts and conditions of humanity. If I had to state any one thing as the secret of his great power, I would say it was his great heart—a heart that overflowed all bounds and actuated every movement of his life and made him absolutely invincible before humanity. I have said it before, and I say it again, if Senator TAYLOR had moved to any other State in this Union, and they had given him his citizenship in 15 minutes after he arrived, he could have run for the highest honor in the gift of that State and under all reasonable conditions would have won out over any man pitted against him.

Some have been so ungrateful or unthoughtful as to hint that Senator TAYLOR was not a deep nor a strong man in the affairs of state. I am sure that those who knew him best never made such a statement. He was always deep enough to get to the bottom of things, and that is deep enough. He was always strong enough to tear down the fortifications of all of his opponents and carry the day, and that was strong enough.

I have seen him when whole multitudes came floating into port upon the tears that flowed down his manly cheeks; I have seen him with a mere wave of his hand silence or stir the crowds just as he willed. I have seen the mere twinkle of his eye change the whole atmosphere of the listening crowds. I have seen the pucker of his lips make his hearers laugh or cry.

But it is of the humbler things in his life that I wish to speak to-day. He was a complete exception to the old rule, "A prophet is not without honor save in his own country." He was most highly honored at home. The people believed in him and followed him. Again and again I have seen him step off of the train at his home town after weeks of absence, and his way was literally blocked by people of all grades and distinctions; even the negro and the little children followed him. Anxious though he was to get home, the crowds about him often exacted a speech before they would let him go. I have seen his family play a trick on the town people by sending a closed carriage to some

secret place and notify him to get off on the opposite side, slip to his carriage, and steal away to his home.

His relation to the negroes was remarkable. In his dealings with them there was that same open and frank and tender interest. With him there was no ax to grind. He simply cared for them, and they responded graciously to his great spirit. In some of his great lectures, where he mentions the name of "Rastus" and "Ephraham," you may have thought those were fancy names, but they were the real names of the real negroes that belonged to the Senator's father before the war. In one of his lectures he tells at length the story of "Uncle Rufus," and how he had come to his home from time to time, and how that one afternoon he stayed with him in his yard and talked of the days "before the war" till in memory the boy was again upon the old negro's back, riding along the banks of the beautiful Watauga. But, as he tells it, when the evening shadows were lengthening Uncle Rufus grew serious and said:

"BOB, my boy, I'se not gwine to be heah much longer. I'se already had two visions of the chariot of de Lord, and when it comes de third time I'se agwine to step in and go hom'." And, sure enough, in just a few days after that afternoon the chariot of the Lord descended for the third time, and Uncle Rufus went home. He tells you this in one of his lectures, but there is another part of that story his personal modesty would not allow him to tell. I tell it to you to-day. When the old darkey died "BOB" TAYLOR bought his shroud and casket and chartered a whole train to take the darkeys and all of the white people who wished to go back to Happy Valley, the burying ground of the Taylor family. As they put the remains of the old darkey away close beside his master, TAYLOR stood at his grave and wept, as on another day he stood at his father's grave and wept.

Here is another story setting forth his tender relationship to his father's old darkeys. Returning from one of his lecture tours, he said to me: "I have had the greatest trip of my life this time. Over in Arkansas I found that I had a few days to spare between my lecture engagements, and I found that I was within a few miles of some of my father's old darkeys, who moved away to that State after the war, whom I had not seen for 30 years. I gave Rice, my manager, the dodge and went to spend the time with these old negroes. When I got to the commmunity and told them that I was BOB TAYLOR they gathered around me in a circle

and looked me in the face and cried out in unison, 'Is dat you, BOB?' and I said, 'This is BOB.' They fell back and laughed. They gathered around me again and more excitedly said, 'Is dat you, BOB?' and I said, 'This is BOB TAYLOR.' Then they cried and said, 'BOB, we are mighty glad to see you. We haven't seed you since you's a boy back at the old hom'.' One of them said, 'BOB, my son Jim's been gone for three years, but if anybody was to ask me which I'd rudder see, BOB TAYLOR or my son Jim, I swear 'fore de Lord I couldn't tell.'"

If you never knew Senator TAYLOR in his home, much of the best and most remarkable in him you never knew. No one set of words can adequately describe him here. He was the liveliest of the lively, the greatest of the great, the saddest of the sad, and the sickest of the sick, according to the conditions that obtained at home. If every member of his family was happy and strong, he was the jolliest boy there—into every kind of mischief and playing every kind of prank, a perfect child among the children. But if any member of his family was sick, the whole scene was changed. He was the sickest of the sick. I have seen the dear, sensitive soul walk the floor in agony, face all pinched and drawn, over the sufferings of any member of his household. I have seen him again, when the doctor said that the patient was out of danger, stir the whole household with laughter almost before the tears of grief were gone from his face.

Happy Valley, the home of his childhood, and Robin's Roost, the home of his later years, were not poetic fancies with him. They were to him the best of all he held sacred and dear. As a statesman he held lofty aspirations, but these were mere vision dreams that attracted only the paradise of fools as compared with his home. Only a few weeks ago it was my pleasure to spend a day with him in Sullivan County. I was sent for to dedicate a schoolhouse. Senator TAYLOR was sent for to make the occasion a great day for those honest sons of toil. He made it. There were no Republicans there that day. Whatever they were elsewhere and on other days, they were all blended into a great brotherhood that day. The Senator reached his climax when he urged the boys to stay on the farm, build up good homes, and be true to "Sallie and the babies."

To him the church was a very sacred place. It was verily the house of God, and never a place for merriment or even the lightest things with him. He was never quite willing to give any

of his lectures in the church, though they were as pure as the snow. "No, no," he would say. "Let me speak in a warehouse or a barn, or out under the spreading oaks, but not there. That is the house of God."

When home from his public duties you could count on his being at church every Sunday, and he was always reverent and responsive. The hardest work I ever had with him as his pastor was to control him in his gifts to charity. I have held for years that this thing of charity is often a very doubtful proposition; that the only charity worth the name is to help people help themselves. But Senator TAYLOR's heart frequently got the upper hand of his head and the upper hand of me. His great, tender soul made him so acute to the sufferings of others that it seemed he could hear a little child's cry of want clear across the city, and the murmur of hunger stirred him so completely that he would give all he had and ask no questions. I used to almost wish I could send him away at Christmas time. I found that designing people, the professional tramp, and beggars had found out his nature and were preying upon him. He would not stop at buying apples by the barrel for the poor and to make them happy, but would buy whole wagonloads and give them out to all grades and distinctions of human beings, white or black, it made no difference to him.

Senator TAYLOR had a large religious nature, and the last time I ever talked with him on the subject of religion was out there in front of the church. He and I had driven over to hear Bishop Hendrix preach. When we got there a love feast was going on. The doors were closed and locked. A large crowd on the outside was trying to get in. He turned to me and, with a pathetic expression on his face, said: "Neighbors, that reminds me of the final judgment, with many getting there too late and finding the door locked. I hope that when my little day is done I will not get there too late, and somehow, through God's infinite mercy, He will let me in."

A friend of his and mine said to me just a few days ago: "Senator TAYLOR was in my home recently; my children gathered around him and asked him to sing for them. He sang several little songs that amused them very much, but finally he said, 'Children, I want to sing you one more song.' He then beautifully and tenderly sang, 'Jesus, Lover of My Soul, Let Me to Thy Bosom Fly.'"

Friends, I hasten to a close. Senator TAYLOR would not allow me to pronounce him faultless if he could speak. He would say in his own inimitable way, "Neighbors, you know me. You know I am just like a human being, with limitations like other men, full of mistakes and blunders"; but I would be compelled to say, "Yes, Senator TAYLOR, I know that, and I will be true to your wishes, but you must allow me to say another thing upon my own responsibility—this: It was never any part of your program to wrong any human being or harm anything that God has ever made. Senator, as I have seen you and known you, allow me to say most gently, your great nature was too large to be little and too good to be mean."

When Dickens was bringing out his Old Curiosity Shop by chapters the readers appealed to him, "Do not let Little Nell die; it's a life so beautiful"; but Dickens replied, "I have to let her die; I can't help it. She must die to complete the story and her life work."

When Senator TAYLOR was reported seriously ill, hearts from all over Tennessee and this Nation went up, "O God, do not let him die"; but God had to let him die; die to complete his life story, die to bury out of sight all little human defects and blemishes, and lift him into that sublimer light and life where men are blended into such a brotherhood as to remember what is only good and true.

And this his epitaph shall be
When ended are his days:
None knew him but to love him,
None named him but to praise.

Like a dream floating from out the far way there comes to me a story: A long and doubtful conflict had been raging between contending armies. A regiment of one of the armies determined one day to dislodge the enemy fortified on yonder summit; said that was the key of victory. Early in the day they made a desperate charge, and were repulsed. They rallied and charged again. The standard bearer fell, pierced by a cruel shot. They were about to retreat, when an Irish lad seized the flag, bravely rallied and led the regiment in the final charge, and won the day, but just as the day was won the Irish lad fell mortally wounded. Some days afterwards the regiment was marching through a stretch of country, and coming near a village, Bridget, as by

intuition, knowing whose regiment it was, seized her broom and went forth to meet it. When she got there she straightened herself, shouldered her broom, and fell into line. A jeer swept down the line. The colonel said sternly, "By what right dare you march in this regiment?" Looking up through her tears, she jabbered, "Me Jaimie's regiment; me Jaimie's regiment." A hush close akin to the sacred and holy swept down the line; every man stood at attention. The colonel said in subdued tones, "Madam, do you mean to say that you are the mother of the Irish lad that fell at yonder summit the other day?" She jabbered back, "Me boy; me boy." Then said the colonel, "A mother who can present to the world such a son as that has a right to march in this regiment. Fall in! Forward, march!"

Senator TAYLOR, this State's standard bearer, fell in the thick of the fight the other day with his face to the foe. O Tennessee! thou who didst give to the Nation such a gifted son hast the right to march in the front rank of States; and surely the life of such a noble brother will inspire 10,000 younger brothers to fall in line and march to the Nation's strength and glory.

Mr. CURTIS. Mr. President, I offer the resolution which I send to the desk.

The PRESIDING OFFICER. The resolution will be read.

The Secretary read the resolution (S. Res. 461), as follows:

Resolved, That as a further mark of respect to the memory of the deceased Senators ROBERT LOVE TAYLOR and GEORGE S. NIXON and deceased Representatives EDMOND H. MADISON and ALEXANDER C. MITCHELL the Senate do now adjourn.

The resolution was unanimously agreed to; and (at 2 o'clock and 47 minutes p. m.) the Senate adjourned until Monday, February 10, 1913, at 12 o'clock meridian.

Proceedings in the House

Monday, *April 1, 1912.*

The House met at 12 o'clock m.

The Chaplain, Rev. Henry N. Couden, D. D., offered the following prayer:

We come to Thee, Almighty God, our Heavenly Father, with glad hearts, rejoicing in the possession of life with its splendid environment, its lofty hopes, and glorious aspirations, which are ever moving us onward and upward to higher manhood. Strengthen, we beseech Thee, our faith in Thee, that when sorrows gather about us we shall not fail, when the storms of adversity burst upon us we shall be firm, and when temptations roll in upon us like the mighty waves of the ocean we shall be strong to resist, for "He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty."

Touched by the sudden death of another one of the congressional family, whose smiles and cheering words brought sunshine into the hearts of thousands, comfort his many friends and bereaved family with the thought that he still lives to the larger life in Christ Jesus our Lord. Amen.

Mr. Sims. Mr. Speaker, I send the following resolutions to the desk and ask unanimous consent for the immediate consideration of the same.

The Speaker. The Clerk will report the resolutions.

The Clerk read as follows:

Resolved, That the House has heard with profound sorrow of the death of Hon. Robert L. Taylor, a Senator of the United States from the State of Tennessee.

Resolved, That the Clerk communicate these resolutions to the Senate and transmit a copy thereof to the family of the deceased Senator.

Resolved, That a committee of 18 Members be appointed on the part of the House to join the committee appointed on the part of the Senate to attend the funeral.

The SPEAKER. The question is on the adoption of the resolutions.

The resolutions were agreed to, and the Speaker appointed as the committee on the part of the House Mr. Moon of Tennessee, Mr. Hull, Mr. Houston, Mr. Byrns of Tennessee, Mr. Padgett, Mr. Sims, Mr. Garrett, Mr. McKellar, Mr. Austin, Mr. Sells, Mr. Tilson, Mr. Gudger, Mr. Jacoway, Mr. Langley, Mr. Rouse, Mr. Lee of Georgia, Mr. Heflin, and Mr. Beall of Texas.

The SPEAKER. The Clerk will report the additional resolution.

The Clerk read as follows:

Resolved, That as a further mark of respect the House do now adjourn.

The SPEAKER. The question is on agreeing to the resolution.

The resolution was agreed to; accordingly (at 4 o'clock and 34 minutes p. m.) the House adjourned until to-morrow, Tuesday, April 2, 1912, at 12 o'clock noon.

APRIL 8, 1912.

Mr. SIMS. Mr. Speaker, I ask unanimous consent to place in the Record as a part of my remarks a part of the funeral oration of Rev. W. S. Neighbors, D. D., president of Sullins College, Bristol, Tenn., delivered at the obsequies of the late Senator ROBERT L. TAYLOR, at the Auditorium at Knoxville, Tenn., on the 5th day of April, 1912. Dr. Neighbors spoke most feelingly, as he had had that intimate acquaintance and close fellowship with Senator TAYLOR that enabled him to know and to

keenly appreciate the deepest sentiments as well as the outward life of the lamented Senator.

At the close of this great funeral oration there was not a tearless eye in that vast throng of Tennesseeans who had gathered there to pay this last sad tribute to the distinguished dead.

The SPEAKER. The gentleman from Tennessee asks unanimous consent to insert in the Record the part of the funeral oration of Rev. Dr. Neighbors, of Tennessee, delivered at the obsequies of the late Senator ROBERT L. TAYLOR. Is there objection?

There was no objection.

(The oration of Rev. Dr. Neighbors is printed on pages 40–47 and 119–125.)

THURSDAY, *January 30, 1913.*

Mr. SIMS. Mr. Speaker, I would like to ask unanimous consent to submit the order which I send to the Clerk's desk.

THE SPEAKER pro tempore. The gentleman from Tennessee submits an order which the Clerk will report.

The Clerk read as follows:

Ordered, That Sunday, February 23, 1913, be set apart for addresses on the life, character, and public services of Hon. ROBERT L. TAYLOR, late a Senator from the State of Tennessee.

The SPEAKER pro tempore. The question is on agreeing to the order.

The question was taken, and the order was agreed to.

SUNDAY, *February 23, 1913.*

The House met at 12 o'clock noon.

The Chaplain, Rev. Henry N. Couden, D. D., offered the following prayer:

Hear my cry, O God; attend unto my prayer. From the end of the earth will I cry unto Thee when my heart is

overwhelmed; lead me to the rock that is higher than I. For Thou hast been a shelter for me and a strong tower from the enemy. I will abide in Thy tabernacle forever; I will trust in the covert of Thy wings.

From time immemorial, O God our Father, men's hearts have turned instinctively to Thee in great crises for help; in sorrow and grief for comfort, in every contingency for inspiration and guidance; so our hearts turn to Thee as we assemble in memory of men who by faithful service in State and Nation gained for themselves the respect and confidence of the people, wrought well among us, left the impress of their personality upon our minds, and made a place for themselves in our hearts which time nor space can erase. "For we know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved we have a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."

"We leave this and straightway enter another palace of the King more grand and beautiful."

We mourn their going, but not without hope. We are cast down but not overwhelmed, dismayed but not confounded.

> For the love of God is broader
> Than the measures of man's mind,
> And the heart of the Eternal
> Is most wonderfully kind.

Enter Thou, O God our Father, into the desolate homes and bind up the bruised and broken hearts with the oil of Thy love, that they may look through their tears to the rainbow of hope and follow on without fear and doubting into that realm where all mysteries shall be solved, all sorrows melted into joy, soul touch soul in an everlasting communion, and eons of praise we will ever give to Thee, in the spirit of the Lord Christ. Amen.

The SPEAKER. The Clerk will report the order of business touching Hon. ROBERT L. TAYLOR, late a Senator from Tennessee.

The Clerk read as follows:

On motion of Mr. Sims, by unanimous consent,

Ordered, That Sunday, February 23, 1913, be set apart for addresses on the life, character, and public services of Hon. ROBERT L. TAYLOR, late a Senator from the State of Tennessee.

The SPEAKER. The Clerk will report the resolution.

The Clerk read as follows:

House resolution 864

Resolved, That the business of the House be now suspended that opportunity may be given for tributes to the memory of Hon. ROBERT L. TAYLOR, late a Senator from the State of Tennessee.

Resolved, That as a particular mark of respect to the memory of the deceased, and in recognition of his distinguished public career, the House at the conclusion of the memorial exercises of the day shall stand adjourned.

Resolved, That the Clerk communicate these resolutions to the Senate.

Resolved, That the Clerk send a copy of these resolutions to the family of the deceased.

The resolution was unanimously agreed to.

At this point Mr. Sims assumed the chair as Speaker pro tempore.

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

Address of Mr. Clark, of Missouri

Some men are made to be admired; some are made to be loved; a few are made to be both admired and loved. To this small and goodly company Robert Love Taylor undoubtedly belonged. Fitz Green Halleck's famous couplet fits Senator Taylor's case like a glove:

> None knew him but to love him,
> None named him but to praise.

I once heard a wise old Missouri farmer say that no man should be considered truly popular unless everybody called him by his Christian name. If that is a test—and I am inclined to think it is—Senator Taylor was the most popular of all the public men of his generation.

Thrice governor of a great State, a Representative and Senator in Congress, everybody, even the little children in the streets, fondly called him "Bob." I am not exaggerating. I am not guessing. I am not saying it because it sounds well, but because it is literally true and because I heard it with my own ears.

Nobody could deny any request he made, his smile was so seductive, his manner so winsome, his words so sweet, his invitation so alluring. Consequently it came to pass that in the summer of 1911 he induced me to promise to make speeches at the Knoxville Exposition and the Nashville State Fair in September. I was busy and did not want to do it, but I could not resist the pleading of my well-beloved friend and made the speeches. Now that he is in his grave, I am glad that I went with him, as that

trip gave both ocular and auricular proof of the man's wondrous popularity. He was emphatically "Our BOB" in the Old Volunteer State. Hardly a man called him governor or Senator. It was nearly always "Hello, BOB!" or "Howdy, BOB!" He seemed to know every Tennesseean by name. In walking the streets, time and again as we passed bunches of children, I would hear one urchin say to the rest, "There goes BOB TAYLOR." Their intonation of the word "BOB" showed forth their affection. The situation seemed to be this: Everybody knew him. Everybody loved him. He knew everybody. He loved everybody—

With deep affection
And recollection.

I will treasure the cheerful memories of that journey with BOB TAYLOR through Tennessee so long as I live. It was a liberal education in universal loving kindness.

When he first left the gubernatorial chair, at the end of his second term, he was deeply in debt. His law practice was gone, and so he determined to go on the lecture platform, and millions of his fellow citizens are glad that he did so, for he delighted and instructed them, and made them better men and women by his wit, humor, learning, imagination, pathos, philosophy, and eloquence. As a lecturer he was a tremendous success from the first. In fact, those newspapers which denominated him the "Napoleon of the Platform" and "The Prince of Entertainers" did not exaggerate and did not exhibit bad taste. It was an intellectual treat, so exquisite as to be indescribable, to hear him in "The Fiddle and the Bow," "Castles in the Air," or his other masterpieces; but he did not reserve all his brilliant mots, exuberant fancy, sparkling utterances, and philosophic remarks for his public lectures and speeches. His private conversation was equally rich and enjoyable. Toward the end of his

life we had him and his most estimable wife as our guests at a theater box party, and though the seal of death was on his face, he entertained us much or more than did the characters in the play.

Some would-be wits undertake to make men and women who lecture at Chautauquas and in lyceum courses the butt of their clumsy jokes. They seem to think that when they have flung at a public man the epithet "Chautauquan" they have done for him permanently. Just why preaching, practicing law, running a railroad, farming, or writing for newspapers and magazines, or writing books for pay are occupations permitted without criticism to a public man and lecturing should be forbidden to him is a thing that passeth all understanding. Not only that, it is arrant nonsense.

I rejoice that my dear, good, generous, big-hearted, brilliant friend led the van of the army of public men who have invaded the lecture platform. They are rendering the public a valuable service while eking out their meager salaries. If a public man has a message to deliver, it is his inalienable right to do so. It is easy for a millionaire editor to sneer at a public man, rich in heart and brain but poor in purse, and of independent spirit, who desires to earn enough money honestly to provide for those dependent upon him; but decent and sensible people will applaud him instead of criticizing.

On the platform, on the stump, in the House, in the Senate, in the governor's chair, and in private life BOB TAYLOR was the apostle of sunshine and went about doing good. His oratory was as pure and sparkling as the waters of the springs in his native mountains, which he loved so well. He upheld the right; he condemned the wrong; he punctured shams; he improved the world by living in it.

This great humanitarian earned hundreds of thousands of dollars on the platform and with his pen, and yet he died poor. He could make money, but he could not keep it. His tender heart caused him to loosen his purse strings on every appeal from the poor, the sick, and the needy. To his eternal credit be it said that he turned none away empty. He has his ample reward in the unstinted love of millions of his fellow creatures.

Address of Mr. Heflin, of Alabama

Mr. Speaker: This is a sad and solemn occasion to me. Senator Bob Taylor was my friend, and I loved him devotedly.

Over in east Tennessee, in Happy Valley—

> Where the morning-glory rears its purple crest
> To receive the dewdrop's cool caress;
> Where the fern droops low by the woodland stream,
> And the gray dove coos in a blissful dream;
> Where violets yield their rich perfume,
> And roses gladden the gray day's gloom—

Bob Taylor was born. One morning in his youth time, in that splendid romantic region, he awoke and found the sweet-voiced angel of music singing at the window of his soul. He seized a fiddle, touched it with his bow, and exquisite strains came pouring from its heart. They awoke the echoes of the wood and set the birds to singing, and under his masterful touch the fiddle became the matchless musical instrument of the people. In the cabin on the hillside, in the mansion on the mountain top, out on the hustings, and around the festive board, the fiddle responded to the wooings of his splendid genius, and all the people heard him gladly.

Perhaps the most brilliant and unique campaign in the annals of congressional politics was his race for Congress as a Democrat in the district then known as the Republican stronghold of Tennessee. He mingled the melody of his fiddle with the gospel of Democracy—poured out his soul in eloquence sublime and in songs of unutterable sweetness. When that campaign was over, this brilliant son of the Democracy of Tennessee, armed

with the fiddle and the bow, was borne on the crested wave of a proud people's will to the Congress of the United States. In that memorable gubernatorial contest, where brothers were the standard bearers of opposing parties, his faithful fiddle was again his glad campaign companion. It drove the ghosts of opposition from his pathway, just as David's harp drove the evil spirits from the presence of King Saul, and with genuine rapture the people of Tennessee hailed him as governor of that proud old Commonwealth.

Then finally, Mr. Speaker, the crowning glory of his political career—the ambition of a lifetime—was realized when the people of Tennessee commissioned him to represent them in the Senate of the United States. Here with rare ability and persuasive eloquence he advocated measures that looked to the common weal, and here he pleaded for the enforcement of the laws of justice.

Every throb of his big heart beat loyal to the people of Tennessee, and I believe that he was the most popular and best-beloved man that Tennessee ever gave to the list of America's good and great. Alabama mourns with Tennessee the loss of this brilliant statesman, this most pleasing of all orators, this the greatest apostle of sunshine that America has yet produced.

Mr. Speaker, he was the most charming, the most captivating and popular lecturer that ever graced the American platform.

Rarely are mortals blessed with such a brilliant and loving career. He never groped among life's shadows murmuring its dolorous strains, but he saw life through a rose-tinted atmosphere. He dwelt on its bright side and reveled in its sunshine. He strolled among the flowers of life's art and poetry and lingered beside the rivers of its music. With the deft fingers of a master he swept the harp strings of the human heart. His eloquent voice in

song and story thrilled and pleased thousands and tens of thousands of his countrymen. He painted virtue in enduring colors, made truth attractive, and contributed to the great sum of human happiness.

I was on board the funeral train as it bore his remains from this Capital back to Tennessee to be buried among the people that he loved so well. Mr. Speaker, I have never witnessed such a demonstration of genuine affection for any man in public or private life as I saw evidenced by the people of Tennessee for Senator BOB TAYLOR on that occasion. Thousands of people flocked to the railroad stations to catch a glimpse of the train as it proceeded to Nashville, carrying the mortal remains of Tennessee's popular idol and best-beloved son.

While his body was lying in state at Nashville a vast multitude of people passed in solemn procession as they looked for the last time upon his peaceful face. There were tears and sobs and flowers about his casket in the statehouse on that sad day. During our stay in Nashville we went out to view points of interest in and around that splendid, historic city. When about 7 miles out of the city, I saw a company of country boys walking toward the capital, and every one of them had a bunch of wild flowers—flowers plucked from the field and forest, planted by the gentle hand of Nature's God. These boys had come from their homes in the rural districts to pay to the idol of the sturdy masses of Tennessee the simple tribute of their love. He had understood their heartbeats and had spoken their language.

Mr. Speaker, if it were possible for Senator TAYLOR to have seen on that day these country boys grouped around his casket, with these simple wild flowers from field and wood, that beautiful scene would have affected him most of all. Born in rural simplicity, among the plain, patriotic people of Tennessee, he had locked in his soul the loves,

traditions, and incidents of the common people, and these were the brightest stars in the firmament of his rosy and brilliant pilgrimage. Among the beautiful floral offerings that were literally banked about his casket in the capitol was an imitation of the fiddle, made of lilies, with a bow of violets resting across it—how fittingly suggested by that beautiful child of his genius, his far-famed lecture, "The Fiddle and the Bow." But, Mr. Speaker, we will listen no more to the rollicking humor, the merry laughter, the splendid pathos and melody, that breathed through his eloquent voice in the pleasing, thrilling story of "The Fiddle and the Bow." There is no more rosin for the bow. The sensitive strings of silk and silver are hushed on the sounding board, and the loved old fiddle, the home of so many sweet and stirring sounds, is silent. Its proud player has passed through the valley and shadow of the dissolution, but, Mr. Speaker, somewhere beyond the evening and the sunset his splendid spirit has found congenial company in that glad throng that sings and plays in the gardens of everlasting flora.

Address of Mr. Adamson, of Georgia

Mr. Speaker: It was not my purpose to speak on this occasion. I would not stultify myself nor offend the memory of the dead by speaking in eulogy of a departed statesman whom I did not love and honor during his life. Neither do I believe it fitting for any man to hazard an extemporaneous speech on an occasion like this, when bereaved and sorrowing comrades pay honor in this high place to the goodness and greatness of friends who are gone. I feel that every speech ought to be elaborately prepared, with accurate attention to the merits of the deceased and every ornamentation with which the beauties of the language can invest the subject. The beautiful and touching address to which you have just listened, delivered by the gentleman from Alabama [Mr. Heflin], my eloquent neighbor, who so illustriously represents here a district adjoining that of my own constituents, has suggested an incident so aptly illustrating a leading trait in Senator Taylor's character that I feel justified in bringing it to the attention of the House at this point. Senator Taylor was always so good to me and I loved him so much, and my people loved him so much, that I will venture to contribute that incident to the flowers that are being collected in his memory.

He had made lecture engagements for the summer of 1909 with three Chautauqua associations, two in the district I represent and one in the neighboring district represented by Mr. Heflin. The extraordinary session of Congress compelled his attendance on official duties here and the consequent breaking of those engagements. It was brought to Senator Taylor's ears that those Chautauqua associations suffered financially on account of his inability to fill those engagements. The Senator was a

firm believer in the doctrine of restitution, which must really precede all genuine reformation, and without it confession is worthless and there can be no true religion. Even Mahomet believed in that doctrine. He is reputed to have stood in the temple before his death and invited any whom he had wronged to make his claim and receive fourfold in restitution.

Among the other noble traits of character, charms, beauties, and talents that glorified his life, Senator TAYLOR cherished above all things the doctrine of justice and fairness to all men. He felt that, although not to blame, he ought to make restitution if those people had actually suffered through his inability to fulfill his engagements, so he notified them all that he would go free of charge and lecture for the benefit of each association, which he did at the first recess of Congress thereafter. He left his family in Washington, denied to himself and his family the pleasure of spending his Christmas holidays in Tennessee; went with me to Carrollton and Newnan, Ga., and with Mr. Heflin to Roanoke, Ala.; lectured at each place for the benefit of the Chautauqua association, and helped each one of them financially out of trouble, without determining whether any loss was sustained on his account or not and without one cent of charge therefor.

The Senator having been so good to me, and that generous and noble act of his to my constituents and the constituents of the gentlemen from Alabama appearing to my mind so appropriate to be mentioned in this connection, and immediately following the beautiful speech of the gentleman from Alabama, I have felt justified in saying this much.

Other distinguished gentlemen here, having known the Senator longer, being provided with a greater fund of information about him, and being better prepared to do justice to his illustrious life and lofty character, I will not consume further time.

Mr. SPEAKER: "God touched him and he slept." Gone are the sparkling eyes, gone the cheery smile, gone the gentleness of manner, gone the soft melodious voice of ROBERT LOVE TAYLOR. But his memory will always be cherished, not only in his native State of Tennessee but by all who were permitted to know or hear him. His was a remarkable career. Elected to membership in this House, elected thrice to be the governor of a great American Commonwealth, triumphantly elected by his people to represent that Commonwealth in the Senate of the United States, his abilities as a statesman had been tested in many avenues of political life, and in every one of them he rose equal to the opportunity and the occasion. He became an influential factor in the body of which he was an industrious and popular Member at the time of his death. He was fortunate in having a charm of manner that attracted young and old alike. He was one of the best raconteurs it has ever been my good fortune to meet. One never tired of listening to his stories of pathos and humor. His effect upon his audiences was marvelous. He could sway them at will from laughter to tears and from tears to laughter. He loved music, poetry, the beautiful in art and in nature. But above all else he loved his fellow men. His charity was boundless. He always gave bountifully to every worthy cause that was brought to his attention. His liberality in that direction became proverbial, and, although he earned large sums of money through his lectures, the many appeals that were made to him for financial aid to this or that institution, to this or that cause, to this or that case of individual distress were not made in vain. It seemed to be his mission on earth to dispense happiness, and he succeeded in doing so during all the days of his life. It may well be said of him that the world is better for his having lived.

Address of Mr. Tilson, of Connecticut

Mr. Speaker: As a Representative of a New England constituency, I am glad to bring a sincere tribute to the late Senator Taylor. While not so well known there as in other parts of the country, nevertheless, even in New England, he was known, honored, and admired. On behalf of a large-hearted, broad-minded people, who regard neither State lines nor degrees of latitude and longitude in their estimation of men, I come to voice their sentiments of respect for his noble manhood, admiration for his charming personality, and sorrow for our common loss in his death.

It is, however, with far deeper feelings that I come here to-day. The little chapter in the life of Bob Taylor—for then as ever afterwards everyone called him "Bob"—which I am about to recite has no place in his work as governor or United States Senator, which others have treated so fully and ably to-day. In fact, I hesitated long before deciding to relate at all an incident in his life so closely personal to myself. Upon due reflection, however, it seems to me it should be here set down as indicative, even in the early years of his young manhood, of that large-hearted generosity of mind and character which caused him to be so much beloved throughout his career.

We were born near each other, he just 16 years earlier than I. His father and my father were political and personal friends. Bob and his brothers were frequently guests at my father's house. We lived somewhat farther back in the mountains than did the Taylor family and on the only road crossing the Appalachian Mountains in that vicinity. Bob's sweetheart, whom he afterwards married,

lived near Asheville, N. C., about two days' journey from Happy Valley, where the Taylors lived. My father's house was near the halfway point of the journey. Hotels, inns, or taverns were there entirely unknown. The trips he made across the mountains were not infrequent, for young ROBERT was a faithful lover, and each trip he made back and forth gave us two delightful evenings, as he spent a night each way at our house. I measure my words when I say that his frequent little visits were of the very first importance in their influence over me and produced the deepest and most lasting impressions upon my young life. We lived in the backwoods, in the mountains, as it was generally called. The Taylors lived down the country in the beautiful Watauga Valley. They were the foremost family of all that mountainous region, and yet without the slightest taint of snobbishness. BOB would come into our home as one of ourselves and enter unreservedly into our joys, our sorrows, and our problems. My father and mother loved him like a son, and he soon won his way to the hearts of all of our large family.

For me, however, he seemed to have reserved a special affection. As he often expressed it, he took a special fancy to me. Outside of my own immediate family the environment did not appear particularly favorable. School facilities were far from good. It seemed evident to him that if I remained there I must grow up without education except of the most limited character. He was not a man of independent means, but the magnitude of his heart was out of all proportion to his bank account. In his zeal for the education of the little boy he had discovered away up among the mountains, he proposed to take me away and put me to school at his own expense. He so aroused the interest of his good mother on my behalf that she came to my father's house and besought him to allow her to take me away in order to educate me.

My father felt constrained to refuse, and I was kept at home, much against my will. Stimulated by this manifestation of unselfish interest in the education of their son, my parents, through toil and sacrifice, strove ever afterwards to give me opportunities for education equal to those denied me by their refusal to permit me to go away.

After all these years and all that has transpired in their course this seems a most inadequate statement of a trivial incident in a great life. It is doubtful if Senator Taylor even remembered it in all its details, but it was epoch making for me, and was so burned into my heart that I shall never forget that Bob Taylor was the first great outside influence that came into my young life as an upward-beckoning inspiration.

In the years that followed Bob was a candidate for office—for Congress, for governor, and for United States Senator. He was a Democrat. Unicoi, the county in which my father and family lived, was strongly Republican, the Democratic ticket rarely polling more than one-tenth of the total vote cast. When Bob Taylor was on the ticket, however, it was always different. Such affection as those mountain people felt for Bob Taylor was not to be overbalanced by party loyalty, though ardent partisans they were, and Bob's vote was always large. When he came to Unicoi, as he often did, he did not talk politics, but told some of his inimitable stories, knowing full well that the Republicans would vote for him in spite of his politics, just because it was Bob. No other reason was asked or could be given, but the fact that they did it throws an additional light upon the character of him whose life and public services we are here to commemorate.

Others have told to-day, and will tell in terms far more eloquent than any at my command, of his name

and fame as a lecturer, and of his distinguished services as Representative in this House, as governor of his native State, and as a Senator of the United States. I shall refer to none of these, but shall rest content with the narration of the simple little story which furnishes a side light to a character of wondrous charm, sweetness, and gentleness, and the foundation for a sincere love and affection on my part that never faltered. Through all the years his affectionate interest in me never failed. When I came here as a Member of the House no one greeted me with such warmth and cordiality as did Senator TAYLOR. Had I been a younger brother he could have seemed no gladder to welcome me here, and to the day of his death it was my privilege to enjoy his friendship and esteem.

Do you wonder that I loved him? Do you wonder that I felt his death as a deep personal loss? Do you wonder that I could not to-day refrain from bringing this my humble tribute in loving remembrance of such a friend?

Address of Mr. Collier, of Mississippi

Mr. Speaker: We meet to-day to mourn with the State of Tennessee. Senator Taylor, one of her most illustrious sons, has passed away. The kindly heart which throbbed so often in sympathy with the troubles and distresses of others has ceased to beat.

Senator Taylor was a unique figure. Rich in anecdote, happy in jest, profound in learning, simple in manner, and generous in disposition, his death was sincerely mourned, not alone in the State of Tennessee, but throughout the length and breadth of this great Republic.

For 35 years Senator Taylor played a prominent part in the history of his Commonwealth. He had a long and illustrious political career. His people delighted to honor him. Over 35 years ago he was elected to Congress, and from that time to his death he labored earnestly and zealously for the advancement and upbuilding of his native State.

He was always ready to answer the call of duty at no matter what sacrifice to himself. He was a consistent and loyal Democrat, a partisan in the highest sense of the word, but, running throughout the warp and woof of his gentle life, a silken thread of charity mellowed his every act, and his hearty handclasp, his cheering smile, his kindly greeting, and pleasant, courteous manner dispelled gloom and scattered sunshine wherever he went.

His ideals were pure and lofty, and he trod with firm and unfaltering steps the paths which lead to rectitude and honor.

The people of his State loved him and showered upon him many honors. He was twice a presidential elector

for the State at large. He was three times governor of the Commonwealth of the Old Volunteer State. He was a Representative in Congress and a United States Senator. His long official life was marked by conscientious service, faithful attention to duty, stainless integrity, and signal ability.

I have heard it said, Mr. Speaker, that he was too liberal in the use of the pardoning power. His great, generous heart could not withstand appeals for mercy. No story of distress ever fell unheeded upon his ears.

To this charge of leniency I ask permission to insert his own defense. Its every word shows the depth and feeling which animated the warm, generous heart of our lamented friend:

I saw an aged mother, with her white locks and wrinkled face, swoon at the governor's feet; I saw old men tottering on the staff, with broken hearts and tear-stained faces, and I heard them plead for their wayward boys; I saw a wife and seven children, clad in rags and barefooted, in midwinter, fall upon their knees around him who held the pardoning power; I saw a little girl climb upon the governor's knee and put her arms around his neck; I heard her ask him if he had little girls; then I saw her sob upon his bosom as though her little heart would break and heard her plead for mercy for her poor, miserable, wretched convict father. I saw want and woe and poverty and trouble and distress and suffering and agony and anguish march in solemn procession before the gubernatorial door, and I said, "Let the critics frown and rail, let this heartless world condemn, but he who hath power and doth not temper justice with mercy will cry in vain himself for mercy on that great day when the two columns shall meet, for, thank God, the stream of happy humanity that rolls on like a gleaming river and the stream of the suffering and distressed and ruined of this earth both empty into the same great ocean of eternity and mingle like the waters, and there is a God who shall judge the merciful and the unmerciful."

He exemplified in his life the immortal words of the great poet, that—

> The quality of mercy is not strain'd,
> It droppeth, as the gentle rain from heaven
> Upon the place beneath. It is twice blessed;
> It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes:
> 'Tis mightiest in the mightiest; it becomes
> The throned monarch better than his crown;
> His scepter shows the force of temporal power,
> The attribute to awe and majesty,
> Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings;
> But mercy is above this sceptered sway;
> It is enthroned in the hearts of kings;
> It is an attribute to God Himself;
> And earthly power doth then show likest God's
> When mercy seasons justice.

Senator TAYLOR believed in laughter, in sunshine, and in song. He was an orator of the highest type. Drawing his beautiful illustrations from nature, with his quaint, homely humor, he touched the hearts of thousands. I have never listened to an orator who had his audience more completely in his control. He swayed them with his eloquent flights of fancy, he convulsed them with his delicious humor, and he touched their hearts and brought tears to their eyes with his tender pathos.

It often happens that a reputation for humor has a tendency to weaken men's efforts when engaged on serious matters. Not so with Senator TAYLOR. Though he dearly loved to tell a good story, and was rich in happy anecdote, yet when grave and momentous subjects occupied his attention Senator TAYLOR, with flashing eyes and ringing voice, would rise to every occasion and meet every emergency.

But it was as a lecturer that BOB TAYLOR was best known to the American people. He was probably the most popular lecturer of his day.

I know of no richer word painting than his description of the Garden of Eden in his famous lecture "The Paradise of Fools." He said:

I think it was the very dream of God, glowing with ineffable beauty. I think it was rimmed with blue mountains, from whose moss-covered cliffs leaped a thousand glassy streams that spread out in mid-air like bridal veils, kissing a thousand rainbows from the sun. I think it was an archipelago of gorgeous colors, flecked with green isles, where the grapevine staggered from tree to tree as if drunk with the wine of its own purple clusters; where peach and plum and blood-red cherries and every kind of berry bent bough and bush and shone like showered drops of ruby and of pearl. I think it was a wilderness of flowers redolent of eternal spring and pulsing with bird song, where dappled fawns played on banks of violets; where leopards, peaceful and tame, lounged in copses of magnolias; where harmless tigers lay on snowy beds of lilies, and lions, lazy and gentle, panted in jungles of roses. I think its billowy landscapes were festooned with tangling creepers, bright with perennial bloom and curtained with sweet-scented groves, where the orange and the pomegranate hung like golden globes and ruddy moons. I think its air was softened with the dreamy haze of perpetual summer, and through its midst there flowed a translucent river, alternately gleaming in its sunshine and darkening in its shadows.

The old doubts and perplexities of the hereafter which have tortured the minds and harrowed the souls of thousands never vexed the placid calm of Senator TAYLOR'S existence. His faith was founded upon the Rock of Ages. He knew that "the stars go down to shine on other skies," but he also knew that "they would set their gold within our skies again." He knew that the grim frosts of winter would kill the bloom of spring and the beauty of summer, but that in the early morning of the New Year "the spring would awake again and fill all the land with radiance and all the air with song."

BOB TAYLOR believed in men; he loved nature; he trusted in God.

I can not say, and I will not say,
That he is dead. He is just away!
With a cheery smile and a wave of the hand
He has wandered into an unknown land,
And left us dreaming how very fair
It needs must be, since he lingers there.
And you, O you, who the wildest yearn
For the old-time step and the glad return,
Think of him faring on, as dear
In the love of there as the love of here.

* * * * *

Mild and gentle as he was brave,
When the sweetest love of his life he gave
To simple things; where the violets grew
Pure as the eyes they were likened to;
The touches of his hands have strayed
As reverently as his lips have prayed;
When the little brown thrush that harshly chirred
Was dear to him as the mockingbird;
And he pitied as much as a man in pain
A writhing honeybee wet with rain.
Think of him still as the same, I say,
He is not dead—he is just away.

Address of Mr. Moon, of Tennessee

Mr. Speaker: This occasion must not pass without a parting word from me of tribute, not of fulsome eulogy, to the memory of a friend of a lifetime.

Robert Love Taylor, a Senator from the State of Tennessee in the Congress of the United States, departed this life on the 31st day of March, 1912. He was born of distinguished parentage in Carter County, Tenn., July 31, 1850. His early life was spent amid the lofty mountains and by the waters of the beautiful stream of his native east Tennessee. He enjoyed the home and the scenes of his youth. His mind ever reverted to the incidents and pleasures of his childhood. To him the rippling waters of the Watauga, gliding by the place of his birth, was the River of Life flowing through Paradise. He was intellectual, emotional, sensitive, and sentimental, and yet the humorous side of the things of life afforded him intense delight and a frequent theme of conversation. He was reared to manhood in the most stormy period of his country's history. His own fireside was divided on political and sectional questions. The division was intense on all public questions among the people where he lived. He heard all the maledictions of a divided and infuriated populace and saw the horrors of the Civil War and the desecration of individual and State rights that followed it. Amid it all he pressed forward to the goal of his ambition " with malice to none and love to all." The allurements of place and power could not draw him to the ranks of the dominant party. He worshiped at the altar of constitutional liberty and ever rallied with pride and courage under the banner of a pure and undefiled democracy. He was a great political leader and was greatly

honored by his country. He was a Congressman, and three times governor, and a United States Senator. He fought many battles for his party and his people and none against them. His personal and political surroundings and the kindliness of his own nature had an influence repressive of party intolerance and political bigotry and radicalism. He was too lofty in his sentiments and too sincere to impugn the motives or integrity of those who differed with him in public affairs. The tender pathos of his speech, the gentleness of his manner, his deep, sincere human sympathy, his charity and love for his fellow man added to his popular attraction. When in his public or private conduct there was involved a question of justice or mercy for decision, his big heart in love decided it, and though his judgment at times may have been at fault, his conscience was ever clear and at rest. Yet many times he suffered in mind as but few public officials have. His distress came when he had to decide between close friends for official position. He could not say no to any of them. In this respect he was undetermined and unhappy. He wanted to aid all, but had the power to aid only a few. He bore with patience the invectives of the disappointed with an abiding faith that his motives would be ultimately understood and approved, and that the friends lost to him to-day would return to him to-morrow, and in this he was seldom mistaken.

His faith in the wisdom and political rectitude of the masses of the people was wonderful and never wavered. In defeat and in victory he trusted the people. He believed in the great central idea of our Republic that the will of the people is ever supreme and should be cheerfully acquiesced in though expressed by even a majority of but 1 vote. At times he was more than serious. He was sorrowful and looked on the dark side of political

life, but the memories of battles won soon aroused hope for the future, and once again he emerged from a despondent to a confident and optimistic state of mind. In practical affairs he was at times not very practical. Anybody he liked could seemingly by his own consent impose on him, and thus much of his earnings was wasted. He was conscious of his own good intentions, and did not believe that anyone would do him an injustice. He was a lawyer, but did not spend many years in the active practice of his profession. The people were so fond of him that they kept him for the most part in public life. As a lawyer he was tactful, resourceful, and energetic in the interests of his clients, as demonstrated in some notable cases in which he was counsel. He was able, much interested, and very efficient in his work as a legislator. He was profoundly interested in all National and State issues, and particularly in improvements undertaken by the Federal Government. In the Senate he was very popular, and no less so in the House. He was one of the most interesting and able political speakers known to our hustings, and beyond question the brightest beam of true and comforting sunshine that ever glittered and gleamed on the American lecture platform. He was a manly man. He bore with equal modesty and courage the offerings of good fortune and of adversity. He was loyal to his friends and to his ideals to the end, and his deepest regret was that some whom he loved still misunderstood him. No heart ever sank to the grave with deeper affection for kindred, friends, and countrymen than that of Senator TAYLOR.

> The eagle may change his plume,
> The leaf its hue, and the flower its bloom;
> But the chords of love in our hearts he spun,
> They can not and will not be undone.

Friend of our youth and maturer years, farewell until we meet again.

Address of Mr. Austin, of Tennessee

Mr. Speaker: Senator Robert L. Taylor died March 31, 1912—

> Green be the turf above thee,
> Friend of my better days:
> None knew thee but to love thee,
> Nor named thee but to praise.

Throughout my acquaintances among the public men of this country none have deserved more this description of the poet than Senator Robert L. Taylor, whose death we are assembled here to-day to fittingly deplore. He was so serene and even tempered, universally loved and respected, that he became popularly known as the "Apostle of Sunshine," and it is rather a sigular fact that the circumstances of his birth presented a sort of prophecy that his life was to afford an example of brightness and sweetness and purity, for he was born in the sunny month of July, in Happy Valley, on the Watauga River, one of the most beautiful places in east Tennessee, and he was named Robert Love Taylor. No one could be of a more sunshiny nature; no one, in spite of occasional strokes of misfortune and grief, could be of a happier nature, and certainly he was the embodiment of love and good will to all mankind. And here it is well to observe that it was not so much what Senator Taylor did as what he was that will keep him forever in the hearts of those who knew him. An indefinable grace enveloped him like a radiant atmosphere. The privilege of knowing him and of associating with him was a rich blessing which no one could have without increasing his own moral stature.

Senator TAYLOR'S ancestry was highly respectable, if not noble. His father, Nathaniel G. Taylor, was a Member of the National Congress and Commissioner of Indian Affairs under President Andrew Johnson, and his mother, Emily Haynes Taylor, was a sister of Landon C. Haynes, an eloquent senator under the Government of the Confederate States from Tennessee. Senator TAYLOR was naturally proud of his parents, because they were such intellectual and honorable people, but he had a praiseworthy ambition to be known and respected for his own sake and because of his own deserts, and he cherished a wish to become appreciated and loved regardless of his progenitors. So while he was growing up among the haunts of nature—while he was hunting the coon and the rabbit and the "'possum" in his father's woods, accompanied by friends and loved companions among his father's slaves—he never forgot that his destiny was to be among the leaders of the people and among the noted friends of mankind. He became known familiarly as BOB TAYLOR—a designation which he loved and was always proud of. He was like Thomas Heywood, the poet of Shakespeare's time:

> I hold he loves me best who calls me Tom.

He never ceased to love his dusky friends, the companions of his youth, and when he was grown up, and occupied, as governor of his State, that well-known office in the capitol at Nashville, quite as conspicuous and almost as well known under him as the Acropolis at Athens, crowned with the majestic Parthenon, no one was more welcome, and received a heartier welcome, than any of his father's old slaves.

An incident to show the feelings of these old people for Senator TAYLOR is told by himself, as follows: On one occasion, when he was in Arkansas, where there was a colony of these colored Taylor people, he went down to

visit them. "When I got down to the community," he says, "and told them I was BOB TAYLOR, they gathered round me in a circle and looked me in the face and cried out in unison, 'Is dat you, BOB?' I said, 'Yes; this is BOB.' They fell back and laughed. They gathered round me again and again, and more excitedly cried and said, 'Is dat you, BOB?' and I said, 'This is BOB TAYLOR.' Then they cried and said, 'BOB, we are mighty glad to see you. We haven't seed you since you was a boy, back at de ole home.' One of them said, 'BOB, my son Jim's been gone for three years, but if anybody was to ask me which I'd rudder see, BOB TAYLOR or my son Jim, 'fore de Lord, I couldn't tell.'"

The ancients had a belief that the gods always exact a full equivalent for everything that they allow to man. If you wish love, you must give love. If you descend to hate, you must expect to receive hate. Every good must be paid for by similar benefits. Success is to be compensated for by giving up something of good. Senator TAYLOR no doubt realized the truth of this philosophy, but he never seemed to act up to it in a selfish manner as to his own conduct. His beliefs, founded partly upon his actions, were not mere affectation. His manner showed that his feelings were genuine. The appearance of kindness and love with him was real and apparently uninfluenced by any wish for reciprocity. He felt all he showed. Especially did he look upon the feeling of hatred or revenge as the attribute of a base mind. I never heard him speak an unkind word of anybody. He loved all.

O, Douglas, Douglas, tender and true.

Senator TAYLOR was three times elected governor of the State, and each term was characterized by wisdom and unquestionable statesmanship, but especially by mercifulness. He even ran his feeling of mercy so far that

he was, to some extent, publicly criticized for it. But this he cared little about. He was in this matter sustained by the example of the compassionate Savior of mankind himself:

> Doth anyone condemn this woman?
> Neither do I. Go, woman, and sin no more.

Here is what Senator TAYLOR himself says about the matter:

> But I saw old mothers with their white locks and wrinkled brows swoon at the governor's feet every day. I saw old fathers with broken hearts and tear-stained faces and heard them plead by the hour for their wayward boys. I saw a wife and seven children, clad in tatters and rags and barefooted in winter, fall down upon their knees around him who held the pardoning power. I saw a little girl climb upon the governor's knee and put her little arms around his neck, and I heard her ask him if he had little girls; and then I saw her sob upon his bosom as though her little heart would break, and heard her plead for mercy for her poor, miserable, wretched convict father. I saw want and woe and anguish unutterable pass before the gubernatorial door, and I said: "Let this heartless world condemn, let the critics frown and wail, but he who hath power and doth not temper justice with mercy will cry in vain himself for mercy on that great day when God shall judge the merciful and the unmerciful."

Some one, speaking of Senator TAYLOR, says he died too soon. But there are very different feelings among men as to the right time to go out of this world. This, however, seems to be the predominant feeling of mankind on this matter:

> To live in hearts we leave behind
> Is not to die.

And this is certainly the case with BOB TAYLOR. No man, in Tennessee at least, was ever more intensely beloved than he. Not even Gen. Jackson, though in a different way, was more adored than TAYLOR. The beau-

tiful valley of the Watauga, where TAYLOR was born and which his praises have immortalized, is quite as well known among millions of his fellow citizens as the farm of the Hermitage, where Jackson's bones repose.

Up to the day of his death BOB TAYLOR was everywhere known and appreciated as a lecturer. His most popular talk was on the "Fiddle and the Bow," which was received always with unfeigned applause, and it is certainly a charming piece of natural oratory. As an orator TAYLOR never offended the religion, the natural feelings, or the prejudices of his audiences. Everything he said was from the heart, and seemed to touch the hearts of his hearers. He was the very opposite of that other distinguished Bob, who was almost equally beloved—the well-known Bob Ingersoll. But there was this tremendous difference between the two men:

Bob Ingersoll, though with a big heart—so big that he could, metaphorically speaking, stoop to kiss the lips of death—was really a selfish man. He made lots of money, but spent it mostly upon himself. He opposed Christianity and every other system of religion, but he was very careful to set up no substitute system of his own. In a word, he left the world no better off than he found it, but destroyed the faith and the spiritual comfort of many people. On the other hand, BOB TAYLOR was content to follow the Man of Galilee. What he usually said was to carry out the principles of Jesus of Nazareth, and what money he thus earned he gave with an unstinted hand to the cause of Christianity—to every form of charity, to the founding of churches and colleges, and to the building up of toleration and good feeling among men. He supported rather than destroyed the faith of his fellow man, and thus did an amount of good that can not be properly estimated.

I wish I could quote in full two rather remarkable papers that have been published in connection with the death of Senator TAYLOR from men that have known him intimately—one written by his minister, Rev. W. S. Neighbors, of Bristol, Tenn., a beautiful production, and introduced within this House by my colleague, Mr. Sims, and the other a close and intimate friend of Senator TAYLOR, Mr. De Long Rice, of Nashville, Tenn., a production brimful of beauty and poetry, which deserves the most extensive circulation. I must merely commend these papers to public examination.

The only specimens of Senator TAYLOR's oratory I have the space and time to introduce here are an extract from a speech delivered by him in the United States Senate, of which I offer the following reproduction—

When the first gun at Fort Sumter heralded the approaching storm of war the civilization of the old South was at the zenith of its glory. It was a proud and haughty civilization, and sat upon a throne of living ebony. Its wealth and power were unrivaled in the world. But when the last gun at Appomattox heralded the dawn of peace that civilization had fallen. Its cities and towns were in ashes; its wealth and power had departed; and the remnants of the armies who fought to save it, too exhausted to longer pull the trigger, too footsore and too proud to run, stacked their old bent and battered muskets in the anguish of defeat and went limping back to their ruined homes. There is nothing left of that civilization now but precious memories and the pathetic story of vanished dreams, lingering among its tombstones and monuments like the fragrance of roses that are faded and gone.

and a chance fragment that is at once beautiful and timely and a fair example of Senator TAYLOR's sentiment:

BOB TAYLOR'S DREAM OF HEAVEN.

What heaven is, I know not; but I long have dreamed of its purple hills and its fields of light, blossoming with immortal beauty; of its brooks of laughter and its rivers of song and its

palace of eternal love. I long have dreamed that every bird which sings its life out here may sing forever there in the tree of life, and every consecrated soul that suffers here may rest among its flowers and live and love forever. I long have dreamed of opal towers and burnished domes, but what care I for gate of pearl or street of gold if I can meet the loved ones who have blessed me here, and see the glorified faces of father and mother and the boy brother who died among the bursting buds of hope, and take in my arms again my baby who fell asleep ere her little tongue had learned to lisp, "Our Father, who art in heaven"? What care I for crown of stars and harp of gold if I can love and laugh and sing with them forever in the smile of my Savior and my God?

Mr. Speaker, the State of Tennessee, in the course of her history, has given to the world some very remarkable men. Her statesmen, her soldiers, her orators, and others have been almost unrivaled. But among all her sons, in whatever position we may place him, no man stands higher in his character, his work, or in the opinions of his fellow men than BOB TAYLOR. It is enough to say of him that he was universally beloved, that he was an honor to the State, and that his memory will be kept always fresh in the hearts and affections of his countrymen.

Mr. Moon, of Tennessee, at this point assumed the chair as Speaker pro tempore.

Address of Mr. Houston, of Tennessee

Mr. Speaker: On this occasion, when this House is met to commemorate the life, character, and public services of Hon. Robert L. Taylor, I shall not attempt a history of his life or to give an account of his public service. The records of the country tell his public service, and so much has been written of the man and his life that I can add nothing to this history. I simply come to pay my humble tribute to the man, to speak of my friend, and to voice my sorrow at his death. He has been the most prominent character in the political affairs of Tennessee since 1876, but I shall deal only incidentally with his public career.

His parents on both sides were prominent in the political history of Tennessee. His father was a leading factor in the politics of east Tennessee in the days when Whigs and Democrats vied with each other for mastery and control in Tennessee. His uncle on his mother's side, Landon C. Haynes, was a gifted orator and advocate of the cause of Democracy from another portion of the State. Both of these distinguished men were gifted with rare ability on the hustings and in the forum, and the commingling of this blood produced the rarest product of brain and heart known in our times.

He was born amid the mountains of east Tennessee, in Happy Valley, as he loved to call the place of his birth, and at this point it is fitting to repeat his own words uttered in a speech delivered by him at Rogersville, Tenn., the year before his death. He said:

> Just a little farther up among these beautiful mountains, where the morning first smiles upon the State and where the rivers are born, I first opened my eyes to the light of day and heard the

first lullabies from lips that now are dust. There where the tall and silent peaks point upward toward the sky I first dreamed of God, and the white wings circling around them taught me my first lessons of liberty. The foot of man had never trod the earth where purer fountains were born or where the wind found its way through greener, purer, sweeter spaces. And the angels named the spot where I was born "Happy Valley."

Reared in the mountains and valleys of that historic country, he imbibed from the traditions and history of that section the spirit of those men who had fought the Battle of Kings Mountain and later won victories in the fields of Mexico and still later furnished a soldiery on both sides of the War between the States. They were a brave and noble people, patriotic to the core, and always ready to stake their lives and fortunes in their country's cause.

With an open and impressionable nature, he was much impressed with the environment of his childhood and youth in that country, so rich in tradition and story of patriotic sacrifices and noble achievement. This led him to aspire to serve his country, and that ambition was gratified to the extent of attaining the highest office within the gift of his State. I shall not follow his political career along the different steps of his promotion up to the topmost round within the gift of his State; this is history, and known to all. Indeed, I can truthfully say no Tennesseean was ever so well known throughout the confines of the State as BOB TAYLOR. Not only was his history and character known, but he had a personal acquaintance from the mountains to the river. It is more of the man and his personality that I would speak on this occasion. His great heart was the characteristic that gave him his place in the love and affection of his people. There was a personal charm in the manner of the man that won all hearts and captivated all minds. His chief trait was kindness and his chief charm was wit and merriment, and

his best gift was that of imparting happiness and joy to all he met. He naturally absorbed the beauties and joys of life, and with a ready talent imparted it to all. In many respects he was a child of nature. He reveled in the beauties of nature and lavished his heart upon them.

To him—

> All nature breathed in harmony
> With more than minstrel power;

To him—

> There was music in each waving tree,
> And joy in every opening flower.

He had the power to make others feel and see and know these joys. He was called "The apostle of sunshine," and such he was, and he has gladdened hearts and spread beauty and gladness around his pathway. Thus he was a benefactor of his kind. His presence ever lightened sorrow and brought a smile to care and pain. With a willing hand he always lifted the weary load and gave of his substance to those in need. He received much money as the fruit of his labor and work in life, but he dispensed it among his fellow men. The call of charity and the claims of his fellows were never denied by him. Much he received, and all he gave to others. He responded to every demand of a private or a public nature, and many and many a schoolhouse and church spire in Tennessee bear testimony of his generosity. To quote his own words again:

> There is nothing in this world half as sweet as the tie of friendship, a friendship that will do things for somebody else. I believe the greatest happiness we get out of life is in giving happiness to others.

He lived for others, and spent himself in giving help, comfort, and joy to those in need. When we remember that "it is more blessed to give than to receive," we can but think what a wealth of blessedness marked his life.

As a public speaker he entranced his hearers. When he stood before an audience and said "Fellow citizens" or "Ladies and gentlemen," instantly he had the rapt attention of everyone. By magic he caught his audience at the very outset and held them to the end; he made them laugh and weep in varying tones of merriment or pathos. He was a master in portraying human emotions, and could express sentiment that touched the heart to tears and led the fancy into exquisite joy. His words could bring a smile from the deepest pain or soften wildest mirth. He was not only charming and delightful as a public speaker, but in private conversation perhaps was shown his rarest gifts. As a maker of merriment and dispenser of joy he had no equal. He was always amiable.

> To see him laughing you would think he was all fun;
> The angels laugh, too, at the good he has done;
> Children laughed loud as they trooped to his call,
> But the poor man who knew him laughed loudest of all.

If a muster roll could be called of those he helped along the way, what an army it would make; and could they voice the joy that he has given, what a jubilee it would sound.

He was familiar with all classes of men. He lingered among those in the lowly walks of life, and he also sat in the seats of the mighty and in the councils of the great.

He "could walk with kings and never lose the common touch."

I first knew him when he was a presidential elector, and in that campaign his eloquence and gifts as a public speaker won for him the allegiance and support of the Democrats of Tennessee. In the campaign two years later he was the Democratic nominee for governor of his State. Two years later, in his canvass for renomination, there was much opposition to him among the Democrats

in Tennessee, arising from the fact that he had favored national aid to education, and in the convention that year there was a bitter and determined fight made against him. This convention was a notable one in the history of Tennessee, lasting seven days. At the beginning of this convention those opposed to Senator TAYLOR were in the majority, and his opponents organized the convention. I was the chairman of that convention and witnessed every detail of the long and determined effort to defeat him. It was not to be. His friends stood like a Grecian phalanx. The delegates in that convention that were supporting him never faltered and never wavered. Instead, day after day, his strength increased until on the seventh day he was nominated. Few men, if any, could have overcome the formidable opposition that was arrayed against him, but this opposition was all caused by a disagreement with him on one political issue—Federal aid to education. The magnetism of the man, and the kindness that all felt toward him personally, gradually overcame this opposition, and he was renominated, winning a triumph that was remarkable under the circumstances and was attributable to the fact that men believed in him and loved him, notwithstanding this political difference.

Like all public men, he was criticized and fault was found with his judgment, but personally all felt kindly to him, and the failings that they attributed to him arose from his kindness and compassion, and never were they attributed to anything vicious or unclean. He triumphed over all this criticism, and was honored after this by election to his highest position. And it can be said of him that after long public service his honesty, fidelity, and his patriotism were never questioned. Tennessee has furnished her soldiers and statesmen, her heroes and patriots in illustrious line, but to the heart of that Com-

monwealth none was dearer or more beloved than BOB TAYLOR.

As a public speaker and entertainer he had no equal. His speeches, delivered day after day during the exposition held in Nashville while he was governor, are gems of eloquence and beauty, varying each day to suit the conditions and occasion. They show a versatility of talent absolutely wonderful. His power on the stump as a candidate is evidenced by his election to Congress in a district overwhelmingly Republican and against a most talented and accomplished Republican opponent.

His patriotism was broad. It embraced every section, as is shown by his own expressions when he said:

> Above all things I am an American. I believe in American institutions and American ideals. Every State in this Union is as much my State as Tennessee is my State. The deeds of every great American, whether in the North or in the South, are my heritage and the heritage of my children.

No description can give a true idea of the manner of man he was. One must see him, hear him, and feel the magnetism of his presence to know him. Personal contact with him entertained, charmed, and captivated all hearts. He was truly "a man of infinite jest and exquisite fancy"; with his jest and anecdote he charmed and delighted every circle, and his fancy painted pictures that entranced every audience. His unique and original personality it was that endeared him to those that knew him; and how dear he was to hearts of Tennesseeans was evidenced by the great wave of sorrow that swept over the country with the news of his death.

When the funeral train that carried his mortal body from Washington to Nashville reached the borders of his own State, from Bristol on at every station there were crowds assembled, and with bowed heads and weeping eyes they gave token of the great love they bore him and

the sorrow that rent their aching breasts. When his remains were placed in the capitol of the State that had given him the highest honors it could bestow, and which State he had served so faithfully and well, thousands and thousands passed by to take the last look at the face they loved. For miles the streets were lined on either side as the procession passed. It seemed that the Commonwealth had come to pay its tribute. And so it was when his body was carried back to Knoxville for burial; for miles there the streets were filled with thousands whose tears and anguish told how they loved him. No man in the history of Tennessee ever had the personal popularity and individual following, and when he was laid to rest Tennessee mourned her best beloved.

But to those of us who knew his life there comes a trust and comfort unspeakable when we remember the words of the Master:

Then shall the King say unto them on His right hand, Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world:

For I was an hungered, and ye gave me meat: I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink: I was a stranger, and ye took me in:

Naked, and ye clothed me: I was sick, and ye visited me: I was in prison, and ye came unto me.

Address of Mr. Byrns, of Tennessee

Mr. Speaker: I consider it a sad privilege to have this opportunity of paying a brief tribute of love to the memory of Senator Robert Love Taylor. In his lifetime he honored me with his friendship and confidence, and I dearly loved him for his many noble qualities of mind and heart and a delightful humor which made the world brighter and better for all with whom he came in contact.

When, on April 1, 1912, the news was flashed back to Tennessee that the great heart of Senator Taylor, or, as we in Tennessee loved to call him, "Our Bob," had been forever stilled, that death had touched him, and he had closed his eyes in that long and mysterious sleep, there was no one in his beloved State who did not feel the weight of a great personal loss. No man in the history of the State ever enjoyed more universally the love and personal affection of as many people as Bob Taylor. It has been well said that "as a boy of the mountains first, then a young man of 'the fiddle and the bow,' lawyer, Congressman, thrice governor, editor, author, lecturer, United States Senator, Robert Love Taylor was Tennessee's most popular citizen for 30 years. The love which his people cherished for him was reciprocated to the fullest extent, for he ardently loved every section of his State and all of her people. But it was perfectly natural that he should always entertain a partial fondness for his native east Tennessee and that its blue skies, its green-covered mountains, and its sparkling streams should appeal to him as those of no other region of the entire universe. I remember that less than one year before his death I was riding with him through upper east

Tennessee, in the neighborhood of his old home. As our train sped swiftly by the cultivated fields, which were redolent of the harvest time, he pointed through the window to the distant range of mountains, praised their beauty and grandeur, and referred to the fact that in his youth he had wandered over many of them. As picture after picture of the beautiful natural scenery burst upon our view, he called my attention to them and said that the divine brush had never painted anything else quite so beautiful. As we crossed the Watauga River, upon whose banks he had spent so many happy, innocent hours, he grew reminiscent and spoke tenderly of his old home, a short distance away, and of his boyhood days. And then he spoke of the love and fidelity of their old negro servants, all of whom had passed into the great beyond, and mentioned names which have become familiar to all who have heard his famous lectures. He loved to talk of east Tennessee and Happy Valley, where he was born and where he spent the happy years of his childhood on the banks of the Watauga River and in the shadow of those mountains which he loved so well. He loved its splendid mountains, its beautiful valleys, and its pathless forests.

The ripple of its streams was music to his ears, and the songs of its birds were sweet melodies which always lingered in his heart. In one of his lectures he thus described the scenes of his childhood:

> Not long ago I wandered back to the scenes of my boyhood on my father's old farm on the banks of the river in the beautiful land of my native Tennessee mountains. I strayed once more through the pathless woods with my rifle on my shoulder. I sat on the old familiar logs amid the falling leaves of autumn and heard the squirrels bark and shake the branches as they jumped from tree to tree. I heard the plaintive song of the whippoorwill and the drumming of a pheasant and the hoot of the wise old owl 'way over in Sleepy Hollow. I heard the tinkling of bells on

the distant hills sweetly mingling with the happy chorus of the song birds in their evening serenade. Every living creature seemed to be chanting a hymn of praise to its God just as they used to long ago. And as I sat there on that old familiar spot and listened to the weird, wild harmony I was rapt into a reverie. A vision of the happy past opened before me. I thought I was a boy again and played around the cabins of the old plantation and heard the old-time darkies laugh and sing and play the fiddle as they used to long ago.

Shouldering my rifle, I wended my way back to take one more look at the old homestead on the bank of the river. Silence was there. The voices of the happy long ago were hushed forever. The old-time darkies were sleeping on the hills close by the spot where my father sleeps. The moss-covered bucket was gone from the well. The old home where I was born was silent and deserted. As I peered through the dusty windowpane and looked upon the desolate hearthstone that once glowed with the light of love and happiness, I thought my mother came back across the flood of vanished years and sang there again the sweet old songs she used to sing in the happy long ago.

Under the influence of such environments he became an intense lover of nature. In his youth he lived close to nature, and nature in turn endowed him with a rich imagery and a rare eloquence which captivated thousands in nearly every State in the Union, who heard him either on the hustings or on the lecture platform. He had that rare and indefinable gift which we call magnetism, but which in BOB TAYLOR was a great big heart overflowing with love for all of God's creatures and which attracted all men to him. The charm of his eloquence and his rare gift in anecdote and story-telling made him invincible before the people.

The people loved to honor BOB TAYLOR. In his early manhood he was elected to Congress over an able and popular opponent, and in spite of a normal Republican majority of 5,000. Later on he became governor and served the customary two terms. In her centennial year Tennessee called him to the executive chair for the third

time, a distinction accorded to no other governor since before the Civil War. Finally, in 1907, the crowning ambition of his life was gratified when he was chosen by the people in a popular primary to represent them in the United States Senate. I have not the space in what must be a brief and inadequate tribute to even refer to the record of his distinguished services in the various offices held by him, except to say that throughout his long public service he had the love and confidence of the people. He served them faithfully and well.

He was as true as the needle to the north. There was no smirch upon his character. No one ever heard any criticism of his official acts, save possibly by the fact that he was sometimes a little too free with his pardons while serving as governor; but if he erred in this, and I dare say none will pronounce it error, then it was an error on the side of mercy, and the Good Book tells us that "the merciful man doeth good to his own soul." BOB TAYLOR'S heart throbbed with a great love for all humanity, and no man, woman, or child who was in distress ever appealed to him without striking a responsive chord in his breast.

He was one of the most charitable men I ever knew. No one ever appealed to him for help in vain. It can be truly said that his hand was ever open to relieve distress and his heart ever ready to commiserate it. Doubtless he often gave to his own hurt, and perhaps he sometimes rewarded those who were unworthy, for BOB TAYLOR was not a man who, when appealed to, would delay his benevolence until an exhaustive inquiry could be had as to whether or not the person making the appeal was worthy. He never hesitated or delayed in doubt when suffering or necessity was brought to his attention. No doubt this well-known disposition often caused him to be imposed upon, and there may have been some

entirely unworthy who received aid from him. But even if this was so, it did not reflect upon his own generous nature or in any way lessen the pleasure which he derived from being able to relieve some one who was suffering or in trouble. It has been said by one who knows that Senator TAYLOR easily earned nearly one-half of a million dollars on the lecture platform alone since he first began to lecture in 1890. But, Mr. Speaker, he died a poor man, poor in this world's goods, but rich in the gratitude of many whom he had helped and rich in the love of all his countrymen. He was often asked to lecture on behalf of some church or school which was being built or which needed repair, not only in Tennessee but in every State in the South, and he always freely and generously responded. His genius and generosity has helped to build churches and schoolhouses all over the Southland. None of these churches or schoolhouses bear his name, for he was not a man who wished to thus advertise himself. But, sir, it may be truthfully said that they and the good which they will accomplish are everlasting monuments to him in the various communities in which they are located.

Mr. Speaker, it was as a lecturer and a platform entertainer that BOB TAYLOR achieved his greatest fame. His splendid eloquence, at one moment full of pathos, at another bubbling over with a delicious humor, and then again mounting to the highest flights of oratory; his beautiful word pictures and his inimitable stories will live in the annals of his State and his country. The stories of his laughter and song, which were the flowers with which he strewed his life's pathway, will be handed down by the living generation to the next, and the Tennesseean of to-day and the Tennesseean of to-morrow will remember him as a true "apostle of sunshine."

Certainly, Mr. Speaker, such a life did not end with death. Surely the joy and sunshine which he carried in his heart in this world has been carried into a world which exists beyond the grave. Is it too much to believe that his life on this earth was but the prelude of a higher, a better, and a nobler existence in the hereafter; that his power for doing good and making others happy will be increased more than one can tell in that land which lies beyond the barrier which shuts out eternity from mortal view? We can not fathom the mystery of death any more than we can fathom the mystery of life. Both are incomprehensible to us. The veil of the great beyond can only be penetrated by the eye of faith. Mr. Speaker, we do not need the philosophy of the doctrinaire, the learned discourse of the theologian, or the mystic speculation of the theosophist to teach us that there is a life after death. All nature, everything animate and inanimate, proves to us the immortality of man and that there is that within us which can not die. Senator TAYLOR had strong convictions on this subject, and to show how profound those convictions were I can not do better than quote his closing words in a eulogy pronounced on Senator McLaurin, of Mississippi:

The flowers of the field rising from countless graves, the unfolding leaves of the forest heralding the approach of summer, the orchards and the meadows bursting into bloom, and myriads of winged minstrels filling the world with melody are all the evangels of the Lord, demonstrating before our very eyes the universal victory of life over death. Mr. President, look how the rose hears the far-away call of the sun and blushes in the presence of its God. Look how the violet comes forth from its tiny tomb and opens its glad blue eyes to greet the spring. Are they not God's own answer to the question, "If a man die, shall he live again?"

If the germs of inanimate life, buried beneath the sod, so surely respond to the silent command of summer, who can doubt that man shall spring up out of the unconscious dust into eternal life

when God shall call? Can it be that the grass and the flowers are resurrected from the sod of earth, while man, for whom they were made, must sleep on forever?

Mr. Speaker, I can not more fittingly close this inadequate tribute to the memory of Senator ROBERT LOVE TAYLOR than by saying of him what is particularly applicable to him and is the highest tribute that can be paid any man—the world is better that he lived in it.

Address of Mr. Padgett, of Tennessee

Mr. Speaker: Senator Taylor was born, lived, and died—this an epitome of the history of mortal man. He sleeps with his fathers. I shall not attempt to review the history in detail of his life, either public or private. It is enough to say that in all the duties of his public life he was faithful to every trust and met and discharged every obligation. In his private life his virtues commended his being to everyone who knew him. There are two worlds in this life—the one without, the one within. We look about us and we see the mountain, the valley, the landscape, the flowers, and moving humanity. Just in proportion as there is harmony and adaptation between this outer world and the world within do we appreciate and enjoy the outer one. We see the grandeur and the glory of the uplift of the mountain because of the adaptation and the harmony of our inner self. We love the beauty of the valley because God has planted within us the power to love the beautiful. We admire the chivalry, the grandeur, the courage, the nobility of humanity because our Father in heaven has implanted within our inner life the faculty to appreciate and to enjoy these virtues. One goes into a great gallery and passes listlessly through, indifferent and unconcerned, because he has not the power to appreciate the beauty. Another passes through and is rapt in pleasure, revels in the beauty of art, because of the beautiful harmony between his life and the objects of beauty. In the life of Senator Taylor there was a beautiful harmony, a wonderful adaptation between his inner life and the grandeur and glory and

sweetness of the outer world. His heart was full of love; his life was radiant with sunshine. Love, sunshine, and blessing marked every day of his life in his public and private ministrations. Mr. Speaker, in the myriads of people there has been a great question of the philosophy of life. We have many schools of thought. The Brahman says there is nothing real, nothing genuine, save the spirit. Absorbed in that great thought, he hopes and desires by continued contemplation himself ultimately to be absorbed into and become a part of the great spirit.

We all acknowledge the truth of the spiritual, and yet we know it is not sufficient to say it is all. The Buddhist revolts against that doctrine and says there is nothing real except the material; that only those things which we can touch, which we can see or hear—the thing that we can know through the senses—have any real being, and all else is a deception and a delusion. We confess the truth of the material, but we say it is not a satisfactory philosophy of life. The Mohammedan says that the great philosophy of life is obedience to law. We confess the virtue of obedience to law, but we believe that in life there is more than the virtue of obedience to an exact law. When Jesus walked among men He said, "Life is more than meat and the body is more than raiment," and there is a declaration of the true philosophy of life that gives satisfaction and on which humanity can rest with solace and comfort. Mr. Speaker, I would not deny the satisfaction of appetite, but when our appetites are gratified we still say life is more than meat. I would not deny elegance of raiment, and yet when the body is clothed in beautiful raiment still we say the body is more than a rack on which to hang fine linen. Let me illustrate. David Livingston left the enchantments of the civilization of England and buried his life in the wilds

of Africa, among a savage people, whom he had to teach a language in order to communicate with them.

After spending the years of his life in denial, death came. It is said that the people of Africa, placing his body upon their shoulders, carried it through the wilds hundreds of miles to the seashore, that it might be taken and placed in Westminster Abbey, to sleep among the illustrious of English history. It is said that while the people of Africa were willing that the body of David Livingstone might rest in Westminster Abbey, before it was taken they opened the chest and took out of it his heart, which symbolized his love, and buried it in the soil, there forever to remain, so that Africa might never be parted from the love of Livingstone.

Sir, methinks that David Livingstone's life was more than meat and his body more than raiment.

Abraham Lincoln, born in poverty of the direst sort, with adversities and difficulties as great as ever beset an American boy, triumphed over all, became the President of the United States, the advocate of great principles of human life and human liberty, and lives in the affection and the admiration of all the world. He testified in his life that life was more than meat and the body more than raiment.

Robert E. Lee, born in luxury, of an aristocratic family, surrounded by all the blandishments of wealth and social standing, resisted every depressing effect, was not misled by wealth or corrupted by society, and, true to his convictions and to his courage, he challenges the admiration of every man who loves his country.

Livingstone, Lincoln, Lee, testified in their lives and exemplified in their work that life is more than meat and the body is more than raiment.

Mr. Speaker, Senator ROBERT L. TAYLOR, born of generous and honorable parentage, in Happy Valley, nestled

among the mountains of eastern Tennessee, is entitled to the same tribute. He moved among his people, diffusing sunshine and happiness and joy.

The great mountains among which he lived were to him an inspiration. May I illustrate? As we walk through the valley of ignorance and superstition we have a very narrow sphere of action and vision, just as one traveling down in the narrow defiles of the valley has his view obstructed by the mountains on either side, but as he begins to climb the mountain and rises higher his vision broadens, and as he reaches the top of the mountain and looks out over the landscape of beauty and grandeur he realizes a joy of which he never dreamed down in the defiles of the valley. So it was in the life of Senator TAYLOR. He climbed high on the mountainside of human virtue, of human character, high on the mountainside of attainment and accomplishment, and had a broad vision of humanity, of its love, of its possibilties, of its attainments, of its needs and its sufferings, and his life shed a beneficent sunshine of gladness and joy upon all. Mr. Speaker, the life of ROBERT L. TAYLOR was a poem of sunshine and love, dedicated to humanity.

Death came. We followed him to that beautiful forest cemetery. In the narrow grave we placed his body. The earth was heaved upon the coffin, and the mound of the grave was banked with flowers so beautiful that only God could have made them. As I stood and looked my heart was heavy. The tears trickled down my face and I thought I heard again the voice of the angel who said, "He is not here; He is risen." And I lifted my eyes from the banked mound of the grave and I saw the beautiful painted skies, painted in glorious colors more beautiful than an artist could conceive or a painter could picture, and I said, Is he risen to live in the beauty and

the glory and the grandeur of the setting sun? No; in an hour the golden glory of the sunset will pass away and the pall of night will take its place. But he is risen, risen into life, that higher, grander, nobler, better life, unfettered by the shackles of the flesh; risen into that life whose influence is love, whose power is intelligence, and whose duration is commensurate with the eternity of God.

Address of Mr. McKellar, of Tennessee

Mr. Speaker: Senator Robert L. Taylor was, next to the three Presidents that Tennessee has furnished to the Union, the best-known man to the Republic at large that Tennessee has ever produced.

Andrew Jackson, of course, was famous in war long before he was President. If he had done nothing else but defeat the British at New Orleans, his fame would have been secure. He did not lessen that fame, but increased it when he became President. In like manner James K. Polk, while not a soldier, yet he was President of the United States at a time of a great war, the results of which added great territory to this country and brought great fame to him. Andrew Johnson became President at a time when the public mind was so inflamed with internecine strife that he did not and could not do himself justice, nor could the country do him justice, yet perhaps no President was ever more talked about by all the people than Andrew Johnson. All of these three great men made their reputations out of war.

Bob Taylor, on the other hand, who, in my judgment, as I have said, was the best-known Tennesseean next to the Tennessee Presidents, was a man of peace, and won his renown not in strife on the field of battle or amidst war's dreadful alarms, but in an earnest and unceasing effort to make men and women and children happier, more contented, more peaceful, and equip them better to bear the burdens of life.

I first met Senator Taylor in the campaign of 1896. He had then already been governor of Tennessee twice and had retired from office several years before. He did not

want to be nominated for governor again. His ambition had been for many years to go to the Senate; but that year Tennessee was close, and the so-called "gold" element in the party in Tennessee was strong, and the party leaders knew that unless they put up a man who was particularly acceptable to the people a Republican would be elected. By the use of this argument Gov. TAYLOR was induced to accept the gubernatorial nomination. He made a characteristic campaign and won by a considerable majority. From the first time I ever met him and heard him speak I became his friend, and that friendship continued until his death.

It was in that same campaign that E. W. Carmack ran for Congress in the district I now have the honor to represent, and made the remarkable campaign against Col. Josiah Patterson, which made Carmack famous. He and Gov. TAYLOR held similar political views, and both were elected. TAYLOR was governor when Senator Harris died, and at Carmack's solicitation Gov. TAYLOR appointed Thomas B. Turley, of Memphis, to succeed Senator Harris. When the legislature met in 1899 there was a three-cornered fight for the senatorial vacancy, the three candidates being Turley, McMillin, and TAYLOR. The race was between Turley and McMillin, but about eight men continuously voted for TAYLOR, who held the balance of power. Finally Gov. TAYLOR turned his men to Turley, and Turley was elected. When Turley's time expired he declined to run again and Carmack became a candidate to succeed him, and was elected. Gov. TAYLOR did not become a candidate then, but did undertake to succeed Gen. Bate in 1902. Carmack declared for Bate, and Bate was elected, only to die a few days after his term of office began. The legislature was in session, and Gov. TAYLOR, Gov. McMillin, and Gov. Frazier all became candidates. Frazier was elected, and Gov.

TAYLOR and his friends and Gov. McMillin and his friends said it was through Carmack's influence. Accordingly Gov. TAYLOR announced for the Senate against Carmack in 1906, and after one of the most strenuous campaigns ever witnessed in Tennessee TAYLOR was elected by a small majority and held the office until his death.

As is natural in such cases, there was some bitterness engendered between Senator TAYLOR and Senator Carmack in this fight, but it soon died away, and the last time I saw them together before Carmack's death they were calling each other "Ned" and "Bob" and telling the best assortment of stories I ever listened to, they both having this gift to a remarkable degree.

Senator TAYLOR was an exceedingly modest man, and while one of the best talkers before an audience our country ever produced, and while anyone would think from listening to him that he was the most self-possessed talker in the world, yet there were times when he virtually took "stage fright." I recall an incident of this kind that took place at the Democratic national convention at Denver in 1908. It happened I roomed with Senator TAYLOR at that time. I think it was on the second day of the convention we went to the hall together and sat together. The convention managers, under the leadership of Ollie James, undertook to adjourn the convention at once after it met, but neither the delegates nor the audience would hear to it. When I saw it was not going to adjourn I turned to Senator TAYLOR and said, "Governor, this is now your time. The convention will call on you." At the mention of it Senator TAYLOR turned white and said he had to get out. Cries rose all over the house for "TAYLOR," "TAYLOR," "BOB TAYLOR, of Tennessee"! His name received a tremendous ovation. In the meantime he, in spite of the entreaties of his friends all around him, rushed out of the building and could not

be found, and afterwards he told me he never had such a case of stage fright in his life.

The chairman, recognizing the call for Gov. TAYLOR, appointed a committee to escort him to the speaker's stand, but the committee could not find him. In the meantime, failing to get Senator TAYLOR, the convention called for Senator Gore, and that gentleman responded, making the famous speech of his life, which was cheered for 1 hour and 32 minutes. Gov. TAYLOR was afterwards called on again, and did address the convention, making a masterly and delightful speech, but the psychological moment had gone, and he did not have the same opportunity for making a national reputation he would have had if he had not taken stage fright in the first instance.

ROBERT L. TAYLOR was a most remarkable man. Born a gentleman, he knew no class distinction. He was equally at home in the mansions of the rich and in the cottages of the poor. He was equally gracious to people in whatever walk in life he found them. He numbered among his friends both nabobs of place and power and the mendicants and ne'er-do-wells who accepted his bounty. He was equally at home on the yacht of the President or on the vast estates of his millionaire friends, whom he frequently visited, or in the humble homes of the poorest in the land, and equally deferential and considerate to all. He was adored by the church people of whatever denomination, for he was a devout Christian gentleman, and at the same time he was the patron saint of the ungodly and the sinners.

He was the prince of entertainers, whether on the lecture platform or in private conversation. I never heard him lecture or make a speech but when he had finished he was wildly called upon by the audience to go on. I never heard him tell a story in private conversation but that he was asked to tell another when that one was

finished. This was true even on one occasion when he was telling a story to the President of the United States, and the President demanded and received another. He loved nothing better than to get into a crowd of his friends and tell these stories, and his friends loved nothing better than to hear them. I once heard him and Carmack and Private John Allen, of Mississippi, together in a story-telling contest, and it was a rare treat; but the other two, as good as they were, were distanced by Gov. Taylor. His reverence for women was very marked, and in his lectures and speeches he always referred to them. As a son, as a brother, as a husband and father, he was kind and gentle and lovable to a degree. His children were wild in their love and admiration for him. His brothers looked up to him and saw in him the paragon of all virtues. And his sweet and beautiful wife found in him all that was adorable. His friends never saw his faults, his acquaintances overlooked them, and whatever enemies he had soon forgave them. He was charitable to a degree.

In the early part of his life he was not a money-maker, but after he went on the lecture platform he became one of the best of money-makers and laid up a considerable store, only to lose it all and more in an unfortunate magazine enterprise, and then he had to go on the platform again to lecture to pay out of debt. But he never lost faith in himself or in others. He never grew despondent, but was always an optimist. When others imposed on him, he forgave them. He did not find fault. When he was in Congress, when he was governor, when he was Senator, he was constantly doing favors for others. Probably no man in public life in Tennessee was ever called upon oftener for political and other favors, and probably no man ever responded more generously or tried to secure favors for others so earnestly and vigorously. And many

of those for whom he secured favors turned their backs on him afterwards when he wanted one; but even of this he did not complain. On the contrary, he tried to find an excuse for their ingratitude. His faith in his kind was beautiful to a degree. His deep and abiding love for all humanity was the moving spirit in his life.

For the greater period of his manhood he was an office-holder. And yet no one ever thought of him in the ordinary sense in which people look upon long office-holding. Never a breath of scandal or even suspicion attached itself to any of his public or private acts. Without parading it, he had a contempt for all shady or crooked transactions. He was a Congressman, and made a most excellent Representative. He was governor three times, and all that his enemies found to criticize was his use of the pardoning power. He did use this freely, and was right in so doing. The people of his State always upheld him in it, and the fight made on him about it was his tower of strength in many a political campaign. He simply did what he believed to be right, and his pardons were free to rich and poor alike whom he deemed worthy of them. No hint or suggestion of scandal was ever heard as to a single one of them. His political life as well as his private life was as an open book.

The rest of his family were Republicans. His brother, the Hon. A. A. Taylor, being a notable one, who ran against BOB TAYLOR for governor in 1886. However, Gov. TAYLOR was a true and genuine Democrat in every impulse of his nature. He was democratic in his private life and habits. He was democratic in his mental methods. He was democratic in his religion and in his every belief. His devotion to his party was his cardinal principle of action. He was never a leader in working out Democratic policies. But he was always a party worker after those policies had been outlined. Nothing

so pleased him as when his party was in accord in its policies. Nothing so distressed or disturbed him as when his party was in discord on policies. I shall never forget his trials and tribulations over the unhappy factional differences that existed in the Tennessee Democracy for several years prior to his death, and which unhappily still exist. He did all that mortal man could do to adjust them, even to becoming a candidate for governor in 1910, while he still had two more years to serve as Senator. Of course, this was a sacrifice that he did not want to make, for there was never a Senator of the United States who enjoyed the place more than Senator TAYLOR, yet he strove to be elected with all the zeal of a man who considered it the great goal of his every ambition. Indeed, Senator TAYLOR did so consider it, for he would have considered it the proudest honor of all that ever came to him, and many honors came to him from the people of Tennessee, if he could have redeemed Tennessee from Republican rule and brought back peace and harmony to his distracted party. His campaign in 1910 was a wonderful one considering the great odds against him, and if he had had two weeks more in which to let the people see the situation, he would have won.

His patriotism was of the highest type. He was born under the old régime of slavery in the South. His parents were slaveholders, and he was a boy when the war began. He was personally familiar with all the horrible trials of the reconstruction period. But these never embittered him. He, as all far-seeing men have done in the South, took the broader view that all this was the necessary result of war and defeat, and always believed that the storm would be safely weathered, as it has, and that our beloved country would be but the greater and better for the awful experience. He was always a stanch defender of the South and her people, but without bitter-

ness toward our northern friends. He believed, and gloried in the belief, in the greatness of our common country. He revered her past, was proud of her present high place among the nations of the earth, and was absolutely confident of her future. Nothing so delighted him as to grow poetic over her natural beauties and eloquent over the opportunities she offered to her splendid sons and daughters.

Mr. Speaker, what we may say here, after all is said, means but little.

> Can storied urn or animated bust
> Back to its mansions call the fleeting breath?
> Can honor's voice provoke the silent dust,
> Or flattery soothe the dull, cold ear of death?

No, Mr. Speaker, neither monuments nor spires, nor massive domes can bring BOB TAYLOR back to life. Nor can all the eloquent voices of the universe recall that matchless spirit to its worldly abode! All that we, who knew him and loved him while he was with us, can do or say is to give expression to our love for him when living, and to our grief for his departure from us, for our own satisfaction. It can do him no good. It only affects us. But, Mr. Speaker, in the hearts of every man, woman, or child who knew him and heard him tell the affecting but simple and beautiful stories of life, who listened to his matchless eloquence, who listened to his heart-reaching pathos, who heard his word painting, who were affected by his simple, quaint, but powerful philosophy in human thought and action, there are already monuments built to the memory of BOB TAYLOR that nothing but death will ever remove!

Address of Mr. Slemp, of Virginia

Mr. Speaker: Robert Love Taylor was an example of how a mortal man could pass through things temporal without losing the things eternal. To him heaven began here on earth. He did not have to die to gain eternal life. He made his own heaven right here 'midst the changes and chances of mortal life.

He was prepared as are few men to enter into the wider sphere which is the natural domain of the soul, not an unfamiliar country to one whose earthly atmosphere was akin to the realms in which abides the peace that the world can not give.

Bob Taylor won many a victory on the battle field of politics, but these, compared to his conquests of love, were nothing worth. He held dominion over the hearts of men, women, and children. Love begets love. Bob Taylor loved his fellow creatures. His whole life was an outpouring of love. His acts, his motives, his words, were prompted by compassionate love. And in return all who knew him or only knew of him loved him.

The honors that came to him were but incidents in his unselfish life, and in and of themselves were to him but as sounding brass and tinkling cymbals if he could not, as he did, make them instruments for good for his fellow men.

People respected Senator Taylor, or Gov. Taylor, or Congressman Taylor as executive and lawmaker, but they loved Bob Taylor, the man. And as the period which knew him in the flesh recedes into the past, he will be remembered for his deeds and words of love when his official acts shall have been forgotten.

It is a remarkable fact that men who have paid tribute to Senator TAYLOR in unison accent and emphasize the prime characteristic of his nature—that he loved his brethren with a love that was manifested in many and tender ways.

How rare and beautiful a possession is the heart of a brainy, busy man that has room in it for love, the very bond of peace and of all virtues, upon which the Great Apostle places a higher valuation than either faith or hope—" these three, faith, hope, and love, but the greatest of these is love."

Love is kind and suffers long,
Love is meek and thinks no wrong,
Love, than death itself more strong.

BOB TAYLOR had gifts; he also had graces. Gifts pass, graces remain. Of graces there are three—one for each relation of life. Toward God there is faith; toward self, hope; toward others, love. Of these graces, love is greatest; for while faith and hope appropriate, love diffuses; and the grace which gives is more blessed than those which receive.

Faith will vanish into sight,
Hope be emptied in delight,
Love in Heaven will shine more bright.

Faith and hope and love we see;
Joining hand in hand agree,
But the greatest of the three,
And the best, is love.

BOB TAYLOR, while loving and beloved, was especially devoted to and loved by little children. He understood child life and entered into its little joys and sorrows. He was a child—never too old to be unsympathetic, never too busy to catch the child spirit, and never too big to pass children by.

If the children of Tennessee alone could voice adequately what their hearts feel about their friend BOB

TAYLOR, there would rise up pæans of praise that would echo through heaven's arches. BOB TAYLOR had the heart of a child, innocent, pure, trustful, hopeful, happy. Thrice blessed is he who is thus certified at the bar of heaven. For except ye become as a little child ye shall not enter there, "For of such is the Kingdom of Heaven."

Of what worth are the material certificates that entered BOB TAYLOR'S name high on the honor roll of statecraft in the great offices of governor, Representative, and Senator, compared to the certificate that has entered his name upon the Book of Remembrance in the eternal and everlasting realms of love?

On a moss-covered tombstone in an old English churchyard is this simple epitaph:

He loved little children.

Truly might these words also be carved upon the stone that marks the bodily resting place of the late Senator from Tennessee in the Happy Valley where he was born, and nothing additional would be necessary to identify its occupant as BOB TAYLOR, whose beautiful life of love, begun and lived here, is having and will have throughout eternity its glorious fruition in God's happy valley where all is love.

Address of Mr. Sells, of Tennessee

Mr. Speaker: I can not permit this opportunity to pass without offering a word of tribute to the life and character of Tennessee's distinguished son, Senator Robert L. Taylor. It is my fortune to represent in this House the first Tennessee district, which he represented also when but a boy, and which service was the beginning of a long and honored career in the political life of his State and Nation. It is also my fortune to live in the community where he was born and grew to early manhood, and it is there, as I believe, that his true character is best known and most appreciated.

Senator Taylor came from a noble ancestry, native to east Tennessee, and who for a hundred years have assisted in making its history. They stood with "Old Hickory" at New Orleans; they pushed back at the point of the bayonet the savage from the frontier, starting the course of empire westward on its way, and resulting in one brief century in the greatest Nation the world has ever known.

His father, N. G. Taylor, several times represented the same district in Congress, was honored many times with important official positions, and his influence and persuasive eloquence were largely responsible for the loyalty of east Tennessee to the Union during the dark days of 1861 to 1865.

On his mother's side were the Hayneses, many of whom have served their State with honor and distinction. His uncle, Landon C. Haynes, will long be remembered as one of the greatest orators that Tennessee ever produced, and whose orations have been declaimed by every school-

boy of the State. With such a lineage it is no wonder that BOB TAYLOR should have climbed to eminence. His oratorical powers were inherited, but cultivated to a superlative degree by years of experience on the stump and the platform. He made the first political speech that I ever heard, and from that time until he died I never lost an opportunity to hear him. He charmed me with his address as no other has ever done, and I doubt if, as a political orator, Tennessee ever produced his equal. Time and again his party called on him for help and leadership in times of dire distress, and, be it said to his everlasting credit, he never failed to heed the call. When he was leading, Democracy's hosts but rarely failed to follow.

In 1910 his party was rent with factionalism, and in August of that year had suffered defeat at the polls by a majority of approximately 50,000. At such a crisis he was selected as the only Democrat in Tennessee with the remotest possibility of election as governor. He was defeated by a narrow margin after a campaign that will be memorable in Tennessee history. His enemies, and they were few, have been wont to attribute his defeat to the loss of his popularity and his power to lead. In my judgment his qualities of leadership never shone more resplendently, nor were the powers of his personal magnetism ever more amply demonstrated, than in this campaign. Senator TAYLOR practiced none of the tricks of the professional politician—he did not need them. He knew but little of organization, and cared less. He was ready at all times to take his case directly to the people. In them his confidence never faltered, and it was in fullest measure returned. He may not have attained those heights of statesmanship which some have reached, but, what was better still, he built for himself an enduring home in the hearts and love of his countrymen.

If he had a weakness, it was his utter inability to avenge a wrong. Readiness to forgive was fundamental in his character. And he loved all men. I know not to what religious sect he belonged, but I do know that he, more than any man I have ever known, followed closely the divine injunction, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." And this, I believe, is the true religion, and has its being only in the love of God.

Abou Ben Adhem (may his tribe increase!)
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
And saw, within the moonlight in his room,
Making it rich, and like a lily in bloom,
An angel writing in a book of gold;
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
And to the Presence in the room he said,
"What writest thou?" The vision raised its head,
And with a look made all of sweet accord,
Answered, "The names of those who love the Lord."
"And is mine one?" said Abou. "Nay, not so,"
Replied the angel. Abou spake more low,
But cheerily still, and said, "I pray thee, then,
Write me as one who loves his fellow men."
The angel wrote and vanished. The next night
It came with great awakening light,
And showed the names whom love of God had blessed,
And lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest.

Senator TAYLOR was in public life for a period of perhaps 40 years, as Representative in Congress, three times governor of his State, and United States Senator. And these were troublous times in Tennessee politics, but as a member of a political party that always opposed him I stand in this presence with uncovered head to say that no man ever seriously impugned his honor or questioned his integrity, and the same could be truthfully said of his father, N. G. Taylor; his uncle, Landon C. Haynes; and his brother, Alfred A. Taylor, all of whom rendered long and distinguished service to their party and their State.

His death has left a place that will not soon be filled. In the mountain cabin and in the mansion of luxury there is mourning over his departure. In many a heart there is an aching void that his cheery laugh and his kindly voice will be heard no more. But—

I can not say, and I will not say,
That he is dead—he's just away;
With a cheery smile and a wave of the hand
He has wandered into an unknown land,
And left us dreaming how very fair
It needs must be since he lingers there.

Address of Mr. Sims, of Tennessee

Mr. Speaker: There never was but one "Bob Taylor," and I fear there will never be another. I never saw another man who was in any way like him. I have seen men who resembled him in some one or more facial features, some who had a voice somewhat like his, but, as a whole, in feature, voice, gesture, expression, and manner he had no counterpart—he had no twin. He can never be even successfully imitated. To see him once was to remember him always. No one ever had to be introduced to him the second time. No one could ever forget him who ever saw him or heard him speak.

Mr. Speaker, I think the greatest service that any of us can render to future generations, or to those of the present generation who have not had the good fortune to have come in contact with the beloved deceased Senator, is to furnish the best and most accurate description of him in all respects it is possible by mere words to do. I was one of the committee appointed by the House of Representatives to accompany the remains of Senator Taylor to his own beloved State for interment at Knoxville. While at Knoxville a funeral oration was delivered by Rev. W. S. Neighbors, D. D., his former pastor, neighbor, and friend, which comes nearer to being a life picture of Senator Taylor than any other address I have ever heard. As soon as I returned to Washington, by leave of the House, I had that great oration put into the Record and sent many thousands of copies to the friends and admirers of the Senator in Tennessee. In order that that oration may be printed and sent out in the bound

volumes of these eulogies, I now read the same, as the most fitting tribute to the life, character, and public services of the loved and lamented dead now extant:

Of the public life of Senator TAYLOR I shall not try to speak except incidentally. I am in no wise furnished for such a duty, and besides the Nation has spoken. Almost every State in the Union has spoken. Every railroad station from Washington to Nashville and back to Knoxville has spoken. Every great daily newspaper has spoken, and most wisely, of Senator TAYLOR'S public career.

I wish I were fully able to unfold to you the secrets of Senator TAYLOR'S marvelous power over men. When, years ago, I knew him less intimately than when he died, if I had been asked for these wonderful secrets I would have given them without hesitation and perhaps quite dogmatically.

First of all, I would have said that the secret of his power over men was his unbounded friendship for all sorts and conditions of humanity, reaching its climax in that proverb, "He who would have friends must show himself friendly." I still hold to this as a general proposition, but what is friendship? It is not a baseless fabric. It must be founded on something that makes it secure.

In the second place, I would have, years ago, told you that the secret of this man's power was in the beautiful songs and stories that he sang and told all over his native State—songs and stories that touched every chord in every human heart. But then songs and stories are not in themselves complete. There must be something back of them to give them point and pathos and pungency and power. I might have sung all of his songs and told all of his stories to all of his audiences and yet have won no heart.

In the third place, I would have said that the secret of his power over men was due to the simple way in which he uttered his thoughts. I still hold to that as a reasonably true proposition, but what is simplicity? It is not shallowness—the mere play upon the surface of things. It is not a natural or a common product, belonging to men in general. Only the greatest men can be simple; only the great men are capable of going to the very heart of things, bringing up the hidden depths and making them transparent.

Fourth. I made the statement years ago that his power with an audience was due to the fact that his soul was full of music; that in every other human being there are musical chords slumbering in the hidden recesses of their nature, waiting only for the touch of a master hand to respond; and that Senator TAYLOR's was that master hand. But what made it a master hand? I used to have little enough musical sense to believe that if a score of persons were playing upon the same kind of instruments, all tuned alike and playing the same piece, that there would be the same results; but I very recently learned that that is not true. Some time ago I saw that tested in my own school. A number were playing upon pianos, all tuned alike. The players were playing the same piece, and yet as I walked through the campus I could easily pick out some players from others. Somehow or other there was something within their very souls going into their instruments and bringing forth strains of music that were mellow, full of pathos and sentiment, winning all hearts who heard them that day.

Senator TAYLOR had that indescribable combination of rare gifts and graces that made him a master before all sorts and conditions of humanity. If I had to state any one thing as the great secret of this great power, I would say it was his great heart, a heart that overflowed all bounds and actuated every movement of his life and made him absolutely invincible before humanity. I have said it before and I say it again; if Senator TAYLOR had moved to any other State in this Union and they had given him his citizenship, in 15 minutes after he arrived he could have run for the highest honor in the gift of that State, and under all reasonable conditions would have won out over any man pitted against him.

Some have been so ungrateful or unthoughtful as to hint that Senator TAYLOR was not a deep nor a strong man in the affairs of state.

I am sure that those who knew him best never made such a statement. He was always deep enough to get to the bottom of things, and that is deep enough. He was always strong enough to tear down the fortifications of all of his opponents and carry the day, and that was strong enough.

I have seen him when whole multitudes came floating into port upon the tears that flowed down his manly cheeks. I have seen him with a mere wave of the hand silence or stir the

crowds, just as he willed. I have seen the mere cut or twinkle of his eye change the whole atmosphere of the listening throngs. I have seen the pucker of his lips make his hearers laugh or cry.

But it is of the humbler things in his life that I wish to speak to-day. He was a complete exception to the old rule, "A prophet is not without honor save in his own country." He was most highly honored at home. The people believed in him and followed him. Again and again I have seen him step off of the train at his home town after weeks of absence, and his way was literally blocked by people of all grades and distinctions; even the negroes and the little children followed him. Anxious though he was to get home, the crowds about him often exacted a speech before they would let him go. I have seen his family play a trick on the town people and send a closed carriage to some secret place and notify him to get off on the opposite side, slip to his carriage, and steal away home.

His relation to negroes was remarkable. In his dealings with them there was that same open and frank and tender interest. With him there was no ax to grind. He simply cared for them, and they responded graciously to his great spirit. In some of his great lectures where he mentioned the names of "Rastus" and "Ephraham" you may have thought those were fancies, but they were the real names of the real negroes that belonged to the Senator's father before the war. In one of his lectures he tells at length the story of Uncle Rufus and how he had come to his home from time to time, and how that one afternoon he stayed with him in his yard and talked of the days before the war, till in memory the boy was again upon the old negro's back, riding along the banks of the beautiful Watauga. But, as he tells it, when the evening shadows were lengthening Uncle Rufus grew serious and said:

"Bob, my boy, I'se not gwine to be he'ah much longer. I'se already had two visions of the chariot of de Lord, and when it comes de third time I'se gwine to step in and go home"; and, sure enough, in just a few days after that afternoon the chariot of the Lord descended for the third time and Uncle Rufus went home. He tells you this in one of his lectures, but there is another part of that story his personal modesty would not allow him to tell. I tell it to you to-day. When the old darkey died "BOB" TAYLOR bought his shroud and casket and chartered a whole train to take the darkies and all of the white people who

wished to go back to Happy Valley, the burying ground of the Taylor family. As they put the remains of the old darkey away close beside his master Senator TAYLOR stood at his grave and wept, as on another day he had stood at his father's grave and wept.

Here is another story setting forth his tender relationship to his father's old darkies: Returning from one of his lecture tours, he said to me, "I have had the greatest trip of my life this time. Over in Arkansas I found that I had a few days to spare between my lecture engagements and I found that I was within a few miles of some of my father's old darkies who moved away to that State after the war, whom I had not seen for 30 years. I gave De Long Rice, my manager, the dodge and went to spend the time with these old negroes. When I got into the community and told them that I was 'BOB' TAYLOR, they gathered around me in a circle and looked me in the face and cried out in unison: 'Is dat you, Bob?' I said, 'Yes; this is Bob.' They fell back and laughed. They gathered around me again and more excitedly said: 'Is dat you, Bob?' and I said, 'This is BOB TAYLOR.' Then they cried and said: 'Bob, we are mighty glad to see you. We haven't seed you since you's a boy back at the old home.' One of them said: 'Bob, my son Jim's been gone for three years, but if anybody was to ask me which I'd rudder see, BOB TAYLOR or my son Jim, I swear 'fore de Lord I couldn't tell.'"

HIS LIFE IN HIS HOME

If you never knew Senator TAYLOR in his home, much of the best and remarkable in him you never knew. No one set of words can adequately describe him here. He was the liveliest of the lively, the greatest of the great, the saddest of the sad, and the sickest of the sick, according to the conditions that obtained at home.

If every member of his family was happy and strong he was the jolliest boy there—into every kind of mischief and playing every kind of prank—a perfect child among the children, but if any member of his family was sick, the whole scene was changed. He was the sickest of the sick. I have seen the dear, sensitive soul walk the floor in agony, face all pinched and drawn, over the sufferings of any member of his household. I have seen him again, when the doctor had announced that the

patient was out of danger, stir the whole household with laughter almost before the tears of grief were gone from his face.

Happy Valley, the home of his childhood, and Robins Roost, the home of his later years, were not poetic fancies with him. They were to him the best of all he held sacred and dear. As a statesman he held lofty aspirations, but these things were mere visions and dreams and their attainment only the paradise of fools as compared to his home. Only a few weeks ago it was my pleasure to spend a day with him in Sullivan County. I was sent for to dedicate a schoolhouse. Senator TAYLOR was sent for to make the occasion a great, good day for those honest sons of toil. He made it. There were no Republicans there that day; whatever they were elsewhere and on other days, they were all blended into a great brotherhood that day. The Senator reached his climax when he urged the boys to stay on the farm, build up good homes, and be true to "Sallie and the children."

To him the church was a very sacred place. It was verily the house of God and never a place for merriment or even light things with him. He was never quite willing to give any of his lectures in a church, though they were as pure as the snow. "No, no," he would say, "Let me speak in a warehouse or a barn or out under the spreading oaks, but not there. That is the house of God."

When home from his public duties you could count on him being at church every Sunday and was always reverent and responsive. The hardest time I ever had with him as his pastor was to control him in his gifts to charity. I have held for years that this thing of charity is often a very doubtful proposition; that the only charity worth the name is to help people to help themselves, but Senator TAYLOR'S heart frequently got the upper hand of his head and the upper hand of me. His great, tender soul made him so acute to the sufferings of others that it seemed he could hear a little child's cry of want clear across the city, and the murmur of hunger stirred him so completely that he would give all he had and ask no questions. I used to almost wish I could send him away from home at Christmas time. I found that designing people, the professional tramps and beggars, had found out his nature and were preying upon him. He would not stop at buying apples by the barrel for the poor

and to make them happy, but would buy whole wagonloads and give them out to all grades and distinctions of human beings, white or black; it made no difference with him.

Senator TAYLOR had a large religious nature, and the last time I ever talked with him on the subject of religion was here in Knoxville just in front of Church Street Church. He and I had driven over here to hear Bishop Hendrix preach. When we got here a love feast was going on. The doors were closed and locked. A large crowd on the outside was trying to get in. He turned to me and with a pathetic expression on his face said: "Neighbors, that reminds me of the final judgment, with many getting there too late and finding the door locked. I hope when my little day is done I will not get there too late and somehow through God's infinite mercy He will let me in."

A friend of his and mine said to me just a few days ago: "Senator TAYLOR was in my home recently. My children gathered about him and asked him to sing for them. He sang several little songs that amused them very much, but finally he said, 'Children, I want to sing you one more song.' He then beautifully and tenderly sang Jesus, Lover of My Soul, Let Me to Thy Bosom Fly."

Friends, as I hasten to a close, Senator TAYLOR would not allow me to pronounce him faultless if he could speak. He would say in his own inimitable way, "Neighbors, you know me. You know I am just a human being, with limitations like other men, full of mistakes and blunders." But I would be compelled to say, "Yes, Senator TAYLOR, I know that, and I will be true to your wishes; but you must allow me to say another thing upon my own responsibility—this: It was never any part of your program to wrong any human being or harm anything God has ever made. Senator, as I have seen and known you, allow me to say most gently, your great nature was too large to be little and too good to be mean."

When Dickens was bringing out Old Curiosity Shop by chapters, the readers appealed to him, "Do not let little Nell die. It's a life so beautiful," but Dickens replied, "I have to let her die. I can't help it. She must die to complete the story and her life work."

When Senator TAYLOR was reported seriously ill hearts from all over Tennessee and this Nation went up, "Oh, God, don't let him die;" but God had to let him die—die to complete his life

story—die to bury out of sight all little human defects and blemishes and lift him into that sublimer light and life, where men are blended into such a brotherhood as to remember only what is good and true.

And this his epitaph shall be,
When ended are his days:
None knew him but to love him,
None named him but to praise.

Address of Mr. Garrett, of Tennessee

Mr. Speaker: The death of Senator Robert Love Taylor removed from among men the most unique and original individuality prominent in the public life of the Nation and the most popular personality in the great Commonwealth of Tennessee.

I doubt if the person lives who could so describe him as that those who did not know him would obtain from the description a thorough comprehension of the man. So many elements were combined in his character as that it defies delineation. Language which we may use in his eulogy that will seem extravagant to strangers will to those who knew and loved him, to those who came beneath the spell of his wonderful personality, seem tame and commonplace.

The story of his romantic life has been already so well told by others with such a wealth of detail as to leave nothing necessary in that regard. He was of gentle birth and tender breeding. He sprang from the best blood of the Republic. From a distinguished ancestry he inherited cultured instincts and refined impulses. He was a born gentleman. Whence came the other qualities and elements of character that rendered him so lovable, drawing and holding unto him for life the affections of so vast a multitude of men, we do not positively know, of course, but intuitively we feel that they were the gifts of God. He enriched them and brought them to flower and fruit by generous cultivation, and, oh, how sweet was the flower and how delicious the fruitage of his life!

Not only were the family environments of his youth delightful in the extreme, but his topographic surround-

ings were ideal for developing in beauty and fullness the traits and qualities which were blended in the taproot of his nature. Born and reared in Happy Valley, with mountains eternally beautiful towering about the scenes of his youth, playing in boyhood by pellucid streams whose clear, singing waters made music sweet to his tuneful soul, in a section saturated with holy traditions of struggle and sacred memories of success, it seemed that all the gentle beauties of landscape and glen, of mountain and valley, were fused into his heart and became a part of his life and character. He was a poet and a darling of nature.

He was a many-sided man. He attempted many things and engaged in many activities. His early training was for the law, but, as a matter of fact, he never engaged to any extent in the practice of his profession. He really was not born to be a lawyer. He did not mind toil or study, but the drudgeries and exactions of the law were not the kind that appealed to his peculiar fancy. He was a newspaper man, a magazine owner, editor and contributor, a lecturer, and a politician. He had an unusual training during his boyhood and youth. He was one of a large family, all gifted and accomplished. The brother immediately older than he was the Hon. Alfred A. Taylor. These two while mere youths seemed to have felt the lure of politics, and, strangely enough, declared allegiance to different political parties, "Alf," as he is familiarly known, being a Republican, while "Bob," breaking away from the majority of the family, declared himself a Democrat. At quite an early age they instituted a custom of debating public questions, having for an audience the other members of the family as well as the laborers, white and colored, who were employed upon the plantation. It was a magnificent training school and it brought rich results. Each of these boys attained the

highest prominence possible in his party in the State of Tennessee.

In 1886, when they had attained mature manhood, each became the nominee of his party for governor of the State. It was one of the most remarkable incidents in the history of American politics. I suppose it could have occurred in no other country save ours. Such an episode, with its denouement, illustrated as few others could the worth and wonder of our peculiar institutions, based as they are upon freedom of thought and having as their crowning glory the peaceful settlement of political issues by ballot. It was the modern "War of Roses," but how different it was from the bitter, bloody struggle between the houses of York and Lancaster!

The forum for these contestants had once been the old home farm, where beneath spreading trees they debated political issues before the members of the household. It was transferred now to the wide expanse of a great Commonwealth, with multiplied thousands of voters for auditors and arbitrars. Taking it all in all, I think that is the most memorable page in the political annals of Tennessee.

All his life Senator TAYLOR was deeply interested in politics. There were times, indeed, after he had attained the governorship of the State and served the second term when he most emphatically declared himself "out of politics," but soon the lure would call him back again. He had grievous disappointments in this field as well as splendid successes, but always, in defeat or in victory, he had the deep satisfaction of knowing that around him stood a mighty phalanx of unselfish friends whose loyalty could not be shaken by anything in life or in death.

His first political office was that of Representative in Congress, to which he was elected under peculiar conditions from a district overwhelmingly opposed to him

politically, after one of the historic campaigns of the State. Previous to that time he had been a candidate for representative in the general assembly of the State from Carter County, but was unsuccessful, his party's strength in that county being exceedingly small as compared with that of the opposition.

In 1884 he was one of the Democratic nominees for elector for the State at large. There was a joint canvass between him and Hon. Sam Hawkins, a brilliant Republican, who resided in the western portion of the State. It was in this campaign that his strange and wonderful eloquence, his quaint and peculiar humor, and his delightful and appealing personality became familiar in every household from the mountains on the eastern border of the State to the great river whose tawny waters wash her western limits.

During the first administration of President Cleveland Senator TAYLOR was appointed pension agent at Knoxville, Tenn.

Several months ago I traveled from Nashville, Tenn., to Bristol, in that State, in company with Judge C. J. St. John, a citizen of the latter city and a distant relative of the late Senator. Judge St. John is himself a most delightful raconteur, and it was an exceedingly pleasant journey. He told many interesting incidents in the life of the Senator and recited various pleasing reminiscences. Among others was one very characteristic occurrence, which I venture here to relate as I received it from him: When Mr. TAYLOR became an applicant for pension agent he visited Washington and was here for several weeks pressing his candidacy. At length he received assurances that the President would appoint him and returned to his home. He and Mr. St. John were at the time publishing a weekly newspaper at Johnson City, Tenn., and, notwithstanding the rare and choice humor contributed to its

columns by the gifted editor in chief, Mr. TAYLOR, they were, nevertheless, having a very difficult struggle, and it was a serious question whether they were going to be able to keep the paper going until his appointment should be made. Several weeks passed and nothing was heard from Washington. Finally "BOB" could bear the suspense no longer, and, going to the telegraph office, he wired the President:

Hon. GROVER CLEVELAND,
President United States, Washington, D. C..
That other fellow is still drawing my pay.
ROBERT L. TAYLOR.

The appointment was made shortly, and it is said that President Cleveland always treasured this telegram fondly.

Mr. TAYLOR was elected governor in 1886 and reelected in 1888. In the first of these campaigns he defeated his brother and in the second defeated Mr. Hawkins, who had been his antagonist for elector in 1884.

After his retirement from the governorship, early in 1891, he entered the lecture field. Perhaps enough has been said about this by the speakers who have preceded me. He made a tremendous success and became certainly the favorite platform entertainer of his day. His lectures were a blend of humor and pathos, of anecdote and poetry, of musical, plaintive eloquence, such as men had never heard before nor are likely to ever hear again, for it is not probable that the world will ever produce another "BOB TAYLOR."

In 1896 a persistent call from the masses of the Democratic Party in Tennessee brought him again—and this time I feel sure much against his first impulses, whatever his final feelings may have been—into the political arena. He was nominated and elected governor and served a third term. It was during this term that the

Centennial Exposition was held in Tennessee, and a series of welcome addresses delivered by him to various bodies and delegations visiting the exposition constitute a classic volume unsurpassable in quaintness, humor, philosophy, and charm.

After his retirement from the governorship this time he again devoted himself to the lecture field and to literary work. He established a magazine and gave liberally both of his genius and his money in the effort to make permanent a high-class southern literary periodical. It met with popular appreciation, but was not a financial success. In 1906 he was chosen at a primary election for United States Senator. This action was ratified by the legislature when it assembled in January, 1907, and in March of that year he took his seat in that august body, the great political ambition of his life attained.

I have really said more than I intended to say of his political career. It was not, after all, as a politician that people loved him best. They voted for him because they loved him. It was the wonderful personality of the man more than the things for which he stood or the ability with which he championed them that gave him his great successes. In saying this I by no means decry his convictions or underestimate his abilities, but the man in his simplicity and originality loomed even above these and brought legions of friends whom even his convictions and abilities would never have drawn to his support. The people believed in him; they felt his generous heartbeats; they had faith in and admiration for his unselfishness and his vast, all-sweeping charity of soul. He possessed for them a charm which no other had, and they reverenced him with deep sentimentality and gave to him their most substantial honors. I need not and I will not dwell upon the bitter sadness which his death brought in Tennessee. I dare say more tears were shed then in

Tennessee than have fallen for any of the illustrious sons whose lives have made luminous her history and whose names are cherished in our households, and not only in Tennessee, but in all those sister Commonwealths where he was known so well—and in many he was known quite as well as he was in his native State—there was one deep strain of unutterable grief over the death of the "Apostle of Sunshine," whose genius had so enriched and enlivened the children of men.

Mr. Speaker, Senator TAYLOR was among that choice and exclusive list of the sons of God who saw vast, sweet visions and dreamed great, deep dreams—dreams of peace and power, visions of love and brotherhood—and his was the great gift to interpret those things so that we, too, through his genius have been enabled to catch glimpses of their beauties and wonders. He did not solve the problem of life, but he led us a little further into the mysteries and gave us a clearer perspective of the hazy scheme of things. He wrought well, and, after all, is there any reason to weep when we feel the certainty that he has but left the haunts of men to walk abroad with the angels?

Mr. Speaker, I ask unanimous consent that all who desire may have permission to extend their remarks in the Record on the life, character, and public services of the late Senator TAYLOR.

The SPEAKER. Is there objection?

There was no objection.

The SPEAKER pro tempore. In accordance with the resolution previously adopted, the Chair declares the House adjourned until 10.30 o'clock to-morrow morning.

Accordingly (at 8 o'clock and 28 minutes p. m.) the House adjourned until to-morrow, Monday, February 24, 1913, at 10.30 o'clock a. m.

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